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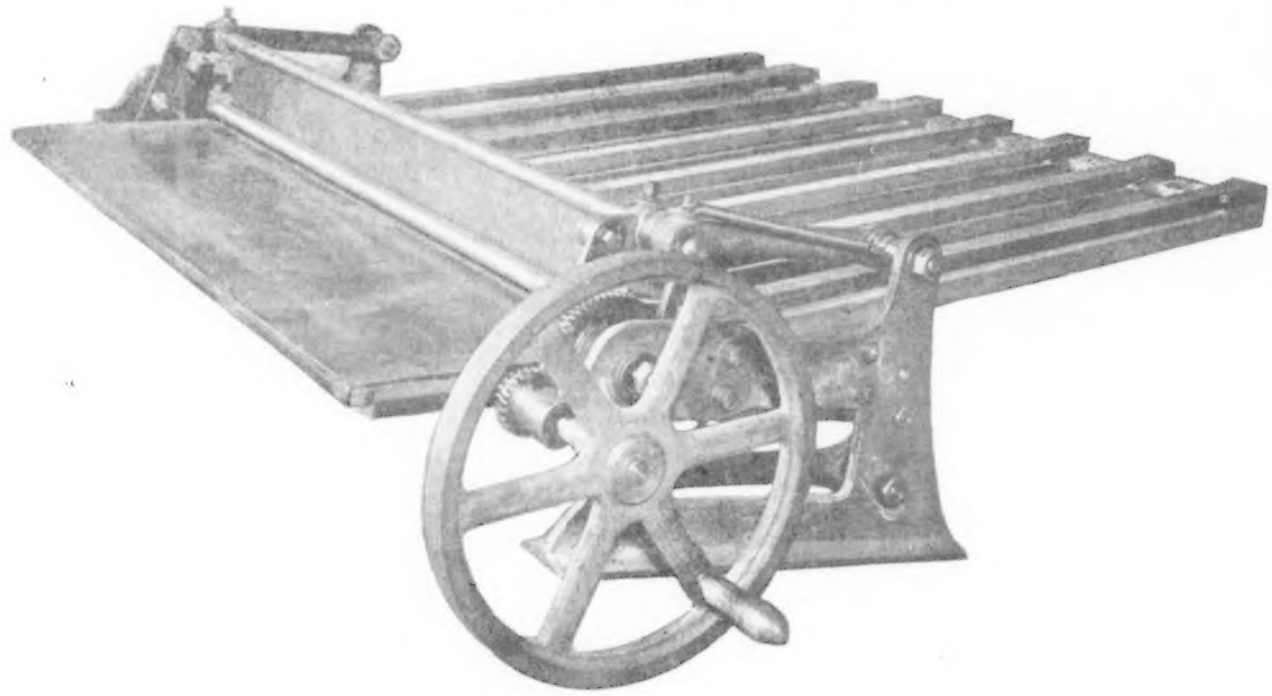

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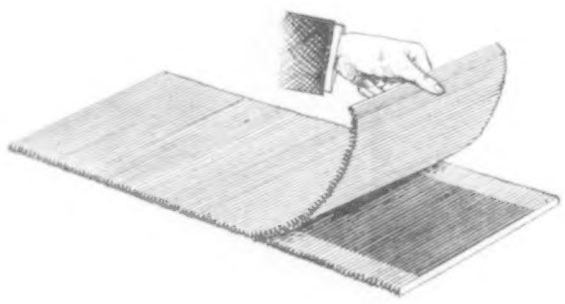

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Fashion Chat
By Comtesse Chiffon

FASHION, as it is represented in recent importations of Paris models, is a sort of composite picture embracing all the elegance of material and elaboration in detail of many past seasons, while each phase of the mode is so blended into the other that the distinctly new features are apparent on closer inspection rather than at the first glance. Even a cursory inspection of the new fashions in their early editions is extremely pleasing to the eye, and reveals much of promised gorgeousness. The fact that there are all grades and degrees of magnificence is reassuring, and comparatively simple gowns are shown among the cloth models for street wear. This simplicity, however, is very delusive and is merely the simplicity of the *grande dame*, where the intricate detail of finish and the perfectly correct lines of the cut are the most necessary parts of the gown's success.

The tall and slender girl is having things rather her own way this season, in some respects. For her are the flapping picture and Gainsborough hats that make a short, round girl look like a plump mushroom. She wears the Empire coats with grace, and can allow any of the three-quarter length coats to cut her skirt length without suffering tortures of artistic misgivings. The Directoire modes and the Louis XIV, XV and XVI coats are all right for her. The short girl has a sorry time of it, for no matter how much she may yearn for three-quarter length coats and wide, drooping brims with long, sweeping plumes she is limited to certain styles.

* * *

The light woolens for early Fall wear lend themselves to checks, some of them almost as minute as pin spots. Some are on the order of shepherd's plaids, many are misty, while others are large, apparently one check laid over the other.

In some of the cheviots the mixture of colors is remarkable and certainly attractive. On the whole cheviots are brought out in a large array of handsome colorings, also zibeline friezes. Figured zibeline is also favored, especially in stripes with boucle effect. The highest perfection reached in these goods is *zibeline double*, the reverse side showing a pretty pattern either plaided or striped, and the right side a solid color.

In Paris all camel's hair and, in fact, rough effects in general are much in vogue, but the tendency here is more toward the smooth, glossy, satin-finished cloths that this season display an unusually high luster and develop into exceedingly rich and handsome costumes. Ladies' cloth of exquisite quality is favored extensively, and *drap zibeline* is made up into very exclusive and high-class gowns.

Stripes do not seem to go very well, their place having been taken by the checks and plaids mentioned at the beginning of this article. Quite some popularity is promised covert cloth, mixed effects and vigoureux, the latter being a fabric that came in two or three years ago, and has kept its hold upon popular favor ever since.

* * *

As far as colors are concerned black is easily the favorite, and then navy blue and brown in different tints and shades. A few shades of red are also prominently put forth; then follow Russian green, gray, strawberry, mode and bluish-gray. Quite a new color and one of the novelties of the season is "oyster," a peculiar tint of grayish green, the name coming to us from Paris and the color not in any way resembling that of the oyster itself.

Very graceful lines are displayed in the coats, especially in the three-quarter length with fitted back; also in the Louis XIV and XV and a variety of collars serve further to enhance the beauty and attractiveness of these garments. Of the collars the one that is known as the Robespierre will undoubtedly enjoy the greatest vogue, as it is not alone becoming, but also practical; it is in shape quite high, and has a wide turned-over edge which is variously finished in front, the edges being either cut down straight or completed with a narrow projecting piece on each side, which may fasten with a button and buttonhole, and thus add snugness and warmth. The edge which turns over is cut with quite a curve, and this prevents it from straining when it is turned up.

* * *

In all coats the demi-fitted backs prevail, except in the Louis styles, which, of course, have fitted backs and moderately long basques set on just below the waist line, which fit smoothly and are finished at the back with inverted plaits. The success of the long coat is assured. It will be made of various fabrics, velvet, silk and cloth, and will in many instances be trimmed with rich furs. In addition to the demi-fitted and tight back there is the entirely loose back having a yoke effect to which the coat proper is attached with an inverted plait. The front is cut with a box effect, and the sleeves are the style known as pagoda that is, the upper sleeve is cut to form a rather wide bell and the undersleeve, frequently of different material, is finished with a narrow cuff. Turned back Empire cuffs are a prominent feature of all novelties.

Quite a novel Paris model of a Louis XV coat has a combination vest and revers cut in rather a unique shape, each side of the vest being three-cornered, the wide part attached to the front and the point toward the center. It is made of ecru silk, with handsome Pompadour embroidery, and is lined with white silk ornamented with black lace appliqué, which shows when the vest turns back in revers. The coat itself is of rich, soft broadcloth.

The forty-two and forty-five inch coats will also meet with popular favor, as they are certainly snug and comfortable, which fact will be more than realized when cold weather sets in.

The question of prime interest is always the skirt, and how it will be cut and made agitates many a mind. All advices from fashion centers abroad are unanimous in declaring that the fitted skirt will prevail. In fact, it will be much stronger than heretofore, because the new shape has everything to recommend it to lovers of artistic lines. It is quite fitted and snug as far as the knees, and from there to the hem it flares out in most graceful, undulating folds, which are gained in various ways. The most approved method of obtaining the flare will be, as at present, by means of the circular flounce, which may be even all round or graduate in depth or in height at the front, sides or back. In all cases the fulness in back is arranged in inverted plaits.

* * *

As far as trimmings are concerned cord passementerie or brandenburgs easily lead, made up in very graceful ornaments of different shapes which serve to enhance both coat and skirt. And odd and novel garniture is made of bias folds of material doubled and stitched to the garment at one edge only. Pompadour embroidery is one of the principal features of modern decoration, and is firmly established in its hold on exclusive favor; it appears on vest, revers, panel fronts as well as on collars and cuffs, and adds considerable to the adornment of the black cloth gown. There is every reason to believe that on colored materials also this dainty and rich *broderie* will be used, but, of course, black serves more to bring the exquisitely soft and beautiful coloring into prominence.

ADVANCE FALL GOWNS.

(Described on page 16.)

The Tug of War.

By
C. GRAVES.

MEN invariably termed her a sweet woman. Women called her other things.

What was she like? Of middle height and "caressable," with a rounded, supple figure, exquisitely groomed and got up! Her golden hair would have been merely brown if left to nature. It came nearly to her eyebrows in the dearest little rings, and was coaxed into the loveliest of coils and waves and undulations. Her eyes were lustrous hazel, her eyelashes and eyebrows as nearly black as perfect taste allowed. Her cheeks were of an ivory pallor, sometimes relieved with a faint sea-shell bloom. Her features were beautifully cut, inclining to the aquiline in outline. Her voice was low and tender, especially when she was saying the sort of thing that puts a young fellow out of conceit with the girl he is engaged to, and makes the married man wonder why he threw himself away? Why was he such an infatuated fool, by George! as to beg and pray Clara to marry him ten years ago, and buy a new revolver when she said it was esteem she felt for him, not Love. Why Fate should ordain just at this particular juncture that he should encounter the one woman, by jingo! the only woman in the world who had ever really understood and sympathized with him! It was Mrs. Osborne's vocation to make men of all grades, ranks and ages ask this question. She had followed her chosen path in life with enthusiasm, let us say: collecting scalps with here and there a little shudder of pity, and here and there a little smart of pain. Fascination exercised almost involuntarily was to her, as to the cobra, the means of life. Not in a vulgar sense, because the late Colonel Osborne had left his widow handsomely provided for. But the excitement of the sport, the keen delight of capturing new victims—bringing the quarry boldly down in the open or setting insidious snares, pitfalls and traps for the silly prey to blunder into—these joys the huntress knows who sharpens her arrows and weaves her webs for Man.

I have said—or hinted—that other women did not love Mrs. Osborne. Knowing, as they did, that the lovely widow frankly despised them, her own sex responded by openly declaring war. They knew her strength and never attacked her save in bands. Yet, strange to say, the invincible Mrs. Osborne was never so nicely worsted as in a single-handed combat to which she was challenged by a mere neophyte—"a chit"—as, had she lived in the eighteenth instead of the twentieth century, the fair widow would have termed dauntless Polly Drew.

Polly's real name was Marian, but, as every one said, Polly seemed more appropriate. Mr. George Drew had no other child, and sometimes seemed not to regret this limitation of his family circle. Mrs. Drew had been dead some five years when the story opens, and Mr. Drew was beginning to speak of himself as a widower, which to experienced ears means much.

The estate left by Mr. Drew's father was a fine one, unencumbered, and yielding a handsome rent roll. It was understood that Polly would have nearly everything. She had consented in the most daughterly manner to become engaged to the eldest son of a neighbor, a young gentleman with whom she was very much in love, Charles Irving Smith, commonly known as "Cis" Smith, his united initials forming the caressing little name. He was six feet high and had a bass voice with treble inflections, which he was training for a Congressional career. As to his family, who does not know that the Smiths are a family of extreme antiquity, descended from that British princess and daughter of Vortigern who drank the health of Hengist, proffering the Saxon general the mead-horn of welcome when he first set his conquering foot on British soil? Who does not know this knows nothing. And Polly and Cis had been engaged about two months when Mrs. Osborne took "The Oaks," and was called on by the neighborhood, because Osborne had very high connections, and she herself came of a very good family. You don't want any name *much* better than that of Weng. And Mrs. Osborne came of the Wengs of Rhode Island.

She took "The Oaks" for the sake of her health, which required country air. It was an old-fashioned square Jacobean house, of red brick faced with stone, and it boasted a yew walk, the yews whereof had been wrought by some long-mouldered-away tree-clipper into arboreal representatives of "The Oaks." That avenue was one of the lions of the county, and every fresh tenant of the place had to bind him or herself, under fearful penalties, to keep the trees properly clipped.

Mrs. Osborne was destitute of the faculty of reverence, Mrs. Smith said afterwards. Because early in June when she drove over to call—it would not become even a Smith to ignore a Weng of Rhode Island—upon turning a curve in the avenue so as to command the house, the lawn and the celebrated Tree Walk, the new tenant of "The Oaks," exquisitely attired in a Paris gown and carrying a marvelous guipure sunshade, appeared to view. Mr. George Drew was with her, and the lady and the gentleman were laughing heartily.

"Mrs. Osborne *simply shrieked*," Mrs. Smith said afterwards, in confidence to a few dozen dear friends; "and Mr. Drew was quite purple—that unpleasant shade, don't you know?"

"It turned out that they were amusing themselves at the expense of 'The Oaks.' I looked at her, and I fancy I showed my surprise at her want of taste.

" 'We think a great deal of them,' I said, 'and Mr. Drew can tell you how severe a censure would be pronounced by persons of taste upon the tenant who was so audacious as to deface or so careless as to neglect them, or even, ignorantly, to make sport of them.'

"At that Mr. Drew became a deeper shade, almost violet, and she uncovered her eyes and smiled. I think somebody has told her she resembles Bernhardt in her youth.

" 'Dear Mrs. Smith,' she said, or rather cooed (and those cooing voices are so irritating!) 'depend on it I shall make a *point* of keeping them in the most *perfect* condition. To be obliged to pay a forfeit to my landlord would be a nuisance, but to be censured by persons of taste, that would be quite insupportable. Then she rang for tea, and there were eight varieties of little cakes, which must have been sent down from Sherry's, and a cut glass liqueur bottle of rum upon the tray. 'Do you take rum?' she had the audacity to ask me. I did not stoop to decline verbally, but shook my head slightly, and she gave me another of *those smiles* and passed on the rum. Mr. Drew brought it to me and I waved it away, *speechless*, absolutely speechless, at the monstrosity of the idea.

"She overwhelmed me with apologies, of course.'

"And both Mr. Drew—who, I regret, to see, is constantly there—and Charlie, who has *once* called, consider her a sweet woman. But—think me foreboding if you will—I *cannot* feel that Society has an acquisition in Mrs. Osborne."

"Papa does go to 'The Oaks' rather often," said Polly, when it came to her turn to be the recipient of Mrs. Smith's confidence. "He does say that Mrs. Osborne is a sweet woman, and he is helping her to choose some brougham horses. He says the pair she brought down are totally unfit for country roads. And as for the rum, she offered it to me. Colonel Osborne held a post in the Diplomatic Service at Berlin, and Germans drink rum tea, and I rather like it, though a second cup gives you a headache afterwards."

"Mary!" screamed Miss Drew's mamma-in-law-elect, who had effected this compromise between Polly and Marian.

"As regards 'The Oaks,'" Polly went on, "we have bowed down before them for years and years, and we shall go on doing

FALL TAILOR-MADES.

(Described on page 16.)

it, but they are absurd all the same. So are our lead groups and garden-temples at Irvington—awfully absurd——"

"I suppose you include our Saxon buttress and Roman pavement at Stonebrink in the catalogue of absurdities," said Mrs. Smith icily. "Fortunately Charles is not a widower, or they might stand in some danger of being swept away. At the present moment, let me tell you, Mary, your lead figures and garden-temples are far from secure. That woman leads your father by the nose—twines him round her little finger. Cis tells me——"

"What does Cis know about it?" said Polly, flushing to the temples.

"Cis is a man of the world," said Mrs. Smith. "But at the same time he is a dutiful son. He tells everything to his mother. It seems—Cis personally vouches for the truth of this—that Mr. Drew is constantly at 'The Oaks,' in fact, every day. . . . He is dressed for conquest, it would appear."

"Cis or papa?" asked Polly, with feigned innocence.

"Your father wears coats and neckties that would be condemned as showy if worn by a bridegroom," said Mrs. Smith rapidly. "He is perfumed with expensive extracts, and his boots must be torture, Cis says, knowing all one does know of the Drew tendency to gout. He never removes his eyes from Mrs. Osborne, laughs to idiocy at everything she says, and simply *lives* in the corner of the sofa next her. He monopolizes the conversation. Nobody else can get in a word, Cis tells me."

"Since when did Cis begin to be jealous?" said Polly under her breath.

"I did not quite catch your remark," returned Mrs. Smith. "By the way, Mary, I hope you will wear those pearls as often as you can. They require air, sunshine and exercise. . . . I contracted my chronic rheumatic tendency thirty years ago through sitting in the garden with them on. For days together my husband's mother used to *skip* in them upon the terrace, but I never went as far as that."

"The pearls—what pearls?" asked Polly vaguely.

"Dear Mary, when a *fiancé* makes a gift of such beauty—to say nothing of its value—and the string were originally purchased for $10,000—it is customary for the recipient to exhibit a *little* appreciation," Mrs. Smith returned.

"Appreciation!"

"Of course you thanked Cis, my dear. I never doubted that. But there, we will say no more. . . ."

Polly's blue eyes flashed. She rose up—she had ridden over to the Hall alone, and her slight upright figure looked its best in a habit.

"I should like to say a little more." She put up her hand and unpinned her hat from her close braids of yellow-gold, and tossed the headgear into a neighboring chair. "Dear Mrs. Smith, Cis has not given me any pearls. Perhaps he has sent them to be cleaned——"

"Cleaned! They are in perfect condition."

"Or—or perhaps he has given them to some one else. I have seen very little of Cis lately," Polly ended. "But papa tells me that he is a good deal at 'The Oaks.' Papa seemed to find him as much in the way as . . . . as Cis found papa. And—her new kitchenmaid is the sister of our laundress, and a report reached me that she had lately been wearing some magnificent pearls. . . . I thought nothing of it at the time, but now . . ."

There was a snorting gasp from Mrs. Smith. All had been made clear. Her double chin trembled, and her eyes were wild.

"Mary," she cried. . . . "I have been blind! My boy—my infatuated boy! That woman has a positively fiendish power over men . . . she will enslave—ensnare Cis as she has your father and dozens of others. Oh! my dear, there are stories. . . . She is relentless. The Sowersea's second son, De la Zouch Sowersea is now driving a cab in Melbourne, and the mother attributes everything to her. At Berlin—where her husband had a diplomatic appointment, and she learned to offer refined gentlewomen rum with their tea—there were scandals—agitations, duels! Now, my son is in peril. Save him, Mary! Do something before it is too late!"

"I can hardly drop in at 'The Oaks'—say I have called for my property and take Cis and papa away," said Polly, her short upper lip quivering with pain and anger. "But I will think over what is best to be done. In the meantime, do not worry Cis. Leave him to go his way. We need not be too nervous. He and papa will keep an eye upon each other," she ended.

"You know more of this than you have told me," poor Mrs. Smith gasped. "There are scandals in the air—people are talking about my boy and that woman! Why did she ever come here?" the unhappy lady murmured. "I said from the first that she would be no acquisition to the community!"

Polly's cob, Kiss-Me-Quick, came round, and Polly took leave. She had warm young blood in her veins, and an imperious temper of her own, and to be asked to "do something" to add a fresh access of caloric to the obviously cooling temperature of one's betrothed is not flattering. Yes, she had suspected before: yes, she had known more than she had told the proprietress of the agitated double chin and the agitated maternal feelings. Mr. Drew had betrayed Cis as unconsciously as he had betrayed himself. "Really, Poll, I think you ought to keep the young man better to heel," he had said. "He means no harm, but Mrs. Osborne is a dangerously fascinating woman, and a woman of that type possesses advantages over a girl. And, of course, I don't suggest anything in the nature of disloyalty to yourself, Cis is the soul of honor and all that. But to see an engaged young fellow sitting on footstools and lying on the grass at the feet of a pretty woman—who don't happen to be the *right one*—turning up his eyes at her like a dying duck in a thunderstorm, by George!—irritates me. He is always in Mrs. Osborne's pocket, and one never can get a word with her alone—I mean, nobody is allowed to usurp her attention for an instant. And here is the key of the crackle room since you are asking for it."

And Mr. Drew handed his daughter the key in question; a slim, rusty implement belonging to the show-room of Fairview, an octagonal boudoir, periodically dusted and swept by the housekeeper's reverent hands. It was filled with relics of Lady Barbara Drew, the friend and correspondent of Pope and Addison, who was found by her distracted husband sitting stone dead at her spinet before the newly-copied score of the "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day," which had been sent her with the united compliments of the author and the composer. The furniture of the boudoir was of the reign of William and Mary, the walls paneled wth pink lacquer beaded with ormolu, the shelves, brackets and cabinets laden with priceless specimens of crackle-ware, the joy of the connoisseur and the envy of the collector.

"Thank you," said Polly, taking the key. "I was anxious to see for myself how many of Lady Bab's vases and bowls are left to us." She looked very tall and very fair, and rather terrifying, as she confronted her father. They were in the hall of Fairview, the doors of which stood wide open to the faint September breeze and the hot September sunshine, and Mr. Drew, who was going to luncheon at "The Oaks," was putting on a thin dust-coat in preparation for the drive. He jumped at the reference to the crackle.

"I suppose Mrs. Brownlow has told you that I have removed a piece or two," he said, bungling with the sleeves of his dust-coat, for lack of the daughterly hitch at the back of the collar which would have induced the refractory garment to go on.

"Mrs. Brownlow has told me that a baker's dozen of bowls and vases and plaques and teapots, the cream of the collection, in fact," said Polly, "are adorning Mrs. Osborne's drawing room."

"Confound it!" said Mr. Drew, as he struggled with his garment, "the crockery isn't entailed, and if I desire to give a teapot to a friend, I suppose I can do what I like with my own! And—I can't keep the cart waiting. Fanchon won't stand."

"Undoubtedly," said Polly, becoming cool as her father grew warm. "Only—if

ATTRACTIVE DRESS SKIRTS.

(Described on page 16.)

you are going on giving teapots to friends, and there is a hamper of china at this moment under the seat of the cart—I think it would be advisable to change the name of the Crackle Room. One might call it the 'Plundered Apartment,' or something equally appropriate."

"Call it what you choose, my dear." He was now recovering from the shock of the unexpected onslaught. "I have said the crackle is no more entailed than Fairview or the city house—or anything else that at present I may call my own. If I were a younger man I might plunder my mother and disappoint my promised wife for the pleasure of making a considerable present of jewelry to a woman ten years my senior. As it is——"

Mr. Drew did not finish the speech, but strode angrily out and got into the cart, and gave Polly a short, gruff "good by," as he drove away, leaving that puzzled young woman on the doorsteps.

"'Plunder my mother and disappoint my promised wife. . . . Present of jewelry . . . a woman ten years his senior. . . . Can Cis have been giving jewels to Mrs. Osborne?" Polly wondered. The course of her love affair had run so smoothly that she was at a loss to account for the pain at her heart and the fever in her veins. Her father's complaint she diagnosed correctly. He was jealous . . . jealous of Cis! He was angry with Polly, he had reminded her that he could do as he liked with his own, that the country might call her an heiress, but the country had no certain grounds for the assertion. Jealous and angry, the dear, cheery Dad. Because Cis chose to loll upon the grass at the skirts of a woman who was his senior by many more years than ten. Polly ordered round Kiss-me-Quick and rode over to Stonebrink Hall pondering these things in her mind. Much had been revealed to her, but it was for Mrs. Smith to lift the last corner of the veil and disclose to Cis' future wife the true meaning of Mr. Drew's reference to jewels.

"So Cis gave her the pearls, and Dad has given her the crackle to recover lost ground. Mrs. Osborne must be a clever woman," Polly reflected, as she rode slowly home through the sunset lanes on Kiss-me-Quick.

How was it going to end, all this?

"If Dad marries Mrs. Osborne it will be extremely unpleasant to possess a stepmother who has been made love to by one's husband. And should Mrs. Osborne succeed in marrying Cis——" Polly tightened the reins involuntarily and Kiss-me-Quick quickened her paces. 'Let her if she wants him. No, let him if he wants her. But first, oh, first there will be a Tug of War! I will not endure to be routed on my own ground by this designing charlataness," thought Polly.

In New York it might have happened—almost without remark. But here—here in the open—under familiar, pitying, curious eyes. . . . Never, never, never! And with each repetition of the word, Kiss-me-Quick danced at a cut of the whip. For Polly was humane, yet human.

The double report of a gun in one of the coppices gave Kiss-me-Quick an excuse for more dancing, and presently, as Polly looked, shading her blue eyes with her half-gauntleted right hand, Cis and a keeper came plainly into view. She pulled up Kiss-me-Quick and waited as the young man, leaving his gun with the keeper, crossed the hot stubbles dangling a brace of birds.

"Why, Polly dear!" He tried to look natural and at ease as he lifted his leather cap from his crisp brown waves. "If you had told me you thought of riding over to see the mother, I'd have called for you and brought you over."

"It was a sudden idea, Cis," Polly said, as she gave him her gloved hand.

"Can you tie these birds on the saddle—or shall I send them over?" asked Cis, glad of an excuse that made it possible to fix his eyes below the level of hers. "They're clean shot," he added.

"Fasten them on—there's a strap in the saddle pocket—and I will leave them at 'The Oaks' as I pass!" said Polly cheerfully.

Cis' jaw dropped; he turned pale under his sun tan. "Leave them at 'The Oaks'!" he repeated blankly.

"I thought," said Polly, bending a cool, amused glance upon her lover's perturbed countenance, "that you meant them for mamma. To be sure she is not mamma yet, but it is a pretty compliment to treat her as though she were already papa's wife—taking the pearls to show her before you brought them to me! I call it *quite sweet* of you!" Polly ended.

"I —— I!" The young man's face was an extraordinary study. "I am so glad you're pleased," he stuttered.

"Dad is with her to-day," went on Polly, stroking Kiss-me-Quick's glossy neck with her whip lash. "He took her over a cargo of crackle china out of Lady Bab's room. China is a taste one begins to cultivate at her age, dear thing, and I suppose they are having a nice, quiet, cosy afternoon, arranging the pieces. She has her fads, Dad has his, and I am sure they will get on excellently together. Dear me! how warm you are! Come to tea tomorrow! Good by."

And Polly rode quickly away. Sore as she was, angry and jealous as she was, she laughed as the vision of Cis' hot, astonished, indignant face rose before her. She laughed again as she turned in at the bridle-gate of "The Oaks." But she was grave and earnest as she dismounted at the hall door and followed Ames, the butler, down the long, cool hall to the drawing-room.

"Miss Drew."

The announcement made Mr. Drew attempt to get up from the footstool on which he was sitting, but he did not succeed at the first attempt, thanks to the rheumatism, and his daughter's eye lighted on him at once.

"Don't move, Dad, dearest. Why should you? Oh! Mrs. Osborne!" Polly flew to the fair widow, who advanced, cool, smiling, and exquisitely clad to greet her visitor. "Oh, Mrs. Osborne, I am so—so glad." Polly seemed choking with joyful tears as she caught the rounded waist of Melusine in her strong young embrace, and vigorously kissed the exquisitely powdered cheeks. "And I may call you mamma—mayn't I?"

"Mamma?" re-echoed Mr. Drew, sitting puzzled on the footstool.

"Mamma?" re-echoed Mrs. Osborne in cooing accents of surprise.

"You see Dad has told me all," explained Polly, turning beaming, childlike eyes of happiness upon the embarrassed pair. "Though Cis knew before I did, and I hardly call that quite fair. But as he is to be your son, dear Mrs. Osborne—as I am to be your daughter—— Why, there is the crackle arranged upon your cabinets already. How nice it looks! But it will all be yours, presently, won't it, mamma?" Polly gave Mrs. Osborne another kiss and then fluttered over to her father, who sat petrified upon the footstool, and gave him a couple. "You mustn't be jealous," she said, "you foolish old Dad! And now, mamma darling, won't you give me some tea?"

"Dear Mary, with pleasure!" assented Mrs. Osborne, who knew that her hand had been forced, and yet could not help admiring the audacity of the *coup*. As her graceful form undulated to the tea-table she cast a glance at Mr. Drew, raising her beautifully tinted eyebrows almost to her golden-brown curls. She gave him credit for being a party to the plot, while he, poor astonished gentleman, was as innocent as a new-born babe. In the passing out of a cup of tea she realized that a double game was no longer possible, and that Polly Drew had the stronger hand. "Your father," she said, as she gave Polly her tea, "has enlisted a powerful advocate. All was not so settled as you seem to think, dear Mary, but——" And she sighed, and extended her white hand to her admirer and helped him up from the footstool, and he was in the act of gratefully kissing that fair hand as Cis, in riding dress, pale, agitated and breathless from the gallop over, was ushered in.

"Cis!" cried Polly, realizing that the supreme moment of the Tug-of-War was now or never. Her eyes were blue fires, her cheeks red ones, as she moved swiftly and gracefully to her lover and led him forward. "Kiss mamma and shake hands with Dad," she said, and added with a coquetry of which Cis had never thought her capable, "and then, perhaps, you may kiss me." Bewildered, choking with the reproaches, the recriminations with which he was bursting, and which it need hardly be explained were intended for Mrs. Osborne's private ear, the young man obeyed.

"I—I congratulate you both," he said thickly. Mrs. Osborne had never felt so little the niceties of a situation in her life. Nonplused, angry and perturbed, she looked every hour of her age, despite pink curtains; and the powder only served to accentuate the suddenly-revealed hollows in her face. Polly, as I have explained, had never worn such an air of coquetry, of brilliancy, of dare-devil, defiant mastery as she now displayed. But her final blow was to be dealt—and she dealt it.

"Mamma, darling," she cooed, taking the vacated stool at Mrs. Osborne's feet—the stool contested for by both the discomfited wooers—"how cosy we are here—all together; won't you please Dad—and me—and Cis—by bringing out the pearls?"

"The—pearls!" Mrs. Osborne said. An electric shock went through her; she turned stabbing eyes upon the speechless Cis.

Mr. Drew, studying her face, made up his mind that he would never marry that woman—not if Polly did her level best to bring the match about.

And Polly prattled on.

(Concluded on page 30.)

HANDSOME TAFFETA WAISTS.

(Described on page 16.)

XI.—THE GREEK.

ONG ago the Greek was a model of perfection. The modern Greek has very few of the features that distinguished her celebrated ancestress who inspired Phidias and Praxiteles. One would look in vain among the inhabitants of the Athens of the present day for the adorable examples perpetuated in ancient art.

If one wishes to see the beautiful Greek of the time of Helena one must go to Magne. The rustic houses still shelter goddesses serene and calm, with large, profound and tranquil eyes and complexion of marvelous purity. The oval of the face is simply perfection, and the face itself is rendered expressive by dark, arching brows. The stature is superb, of academic proportions, revealing force and grace, and the costume, with its folds and draperies, envelops the figure without constraining it. Every village has its colors and every woman her own particular style. Over a very large, ample garment of cotton, shaped something like a chemise and of most vivid color, she wears a kind of jacket-shaped garment that fastens just below the bust and acts, in fact, as a bust girdle.

As is the case in all tropic and semi-tropic countries, the children mature at a very early age, and naturally marry young. The majority of the male sex is betrothed at the age of 16. This is attended with a great deal of solemn ceremony, and is almost as sacred and binding as the marriage itself. If the young man dares break any of the vows taken at betrothal he is certain to lose his life. "History tells us of a young man who broke his engagement a few days before the wedding," relates Edmond About, "and not long afterward he was found at Lisbon with his throat cut." This is surely not an inviting sequel to a ruptured troth.

Husband and wife find their greatest glory in the number of their children. Their greatest happiness consists in being able on Sundays to take their way to church surrounded by a perfect battalion of children, their joy and pride.

A very pretty custom and ceremony at the betrothal consists in the assembly surrounding a convenient tree, either in the woods or in the garden. At the base of the tree the young girl lights a sacred fire, the young man then chops down the tree, and of its trunk is fashioned the cradle destined to hold their offspring.

The Greek women have preserved in their manners much of the former Turkish rule. They are timid and afraid, their world being entirely apart from that of the men, except in Athens, where modern usages are definitely implanted. At a ball in the provinces the women dance together and in church the women sit on one side, the men on the other. The women go out but rarely to places of amusement, and find their favorite occupation in attending to their household and their garden.

Wealth is very scarce in Greece, and the wish for a marriage advantageous pecuniarily is strong on both sides. The young men are ambitious to marry the fair daughters of Walachia and Moldavia, among whom, it is said, are many heiresses. The young girls, on the other hand, also have a practical drop of blood in their veins and are anxious to marry foreigners, because they imagine them to be rich and occupying positions of considerable importance. There is not a Frenchman or an Englishman visiting Athens who is not looked upon as a millionaire and a most desirable conquest.

The women of Athens are amiable and charming, and extend to their visitors hospitality that is most cordial. But their figures lack that classic beauty which ancient Greece transmitted to us in statues. They are slender, almost lean, and intensely nervous, their Albanesian origin being plainly visible in their retroussé noses and big waists. They display taste in their dress, which is always modish and does not partake of the characteristics of that worn in the provinces. As a whole, they are rather vain and like to spend much time at their toilette. On Sundays the wives and daughters of the smallest shopkeeper are arrayed in moiré and satin, and often the entire fortune of the family consists of just these gowns.

The Greek woman of the higher classes is intelligent, *spirituelle* and possesses the power of assimilation in an extraordinary degree. She is fond of studying and speaks several languages, notably French and English. She is an admirable equestrienne and does not despise pedestrianism, this being one of her daily exercises.

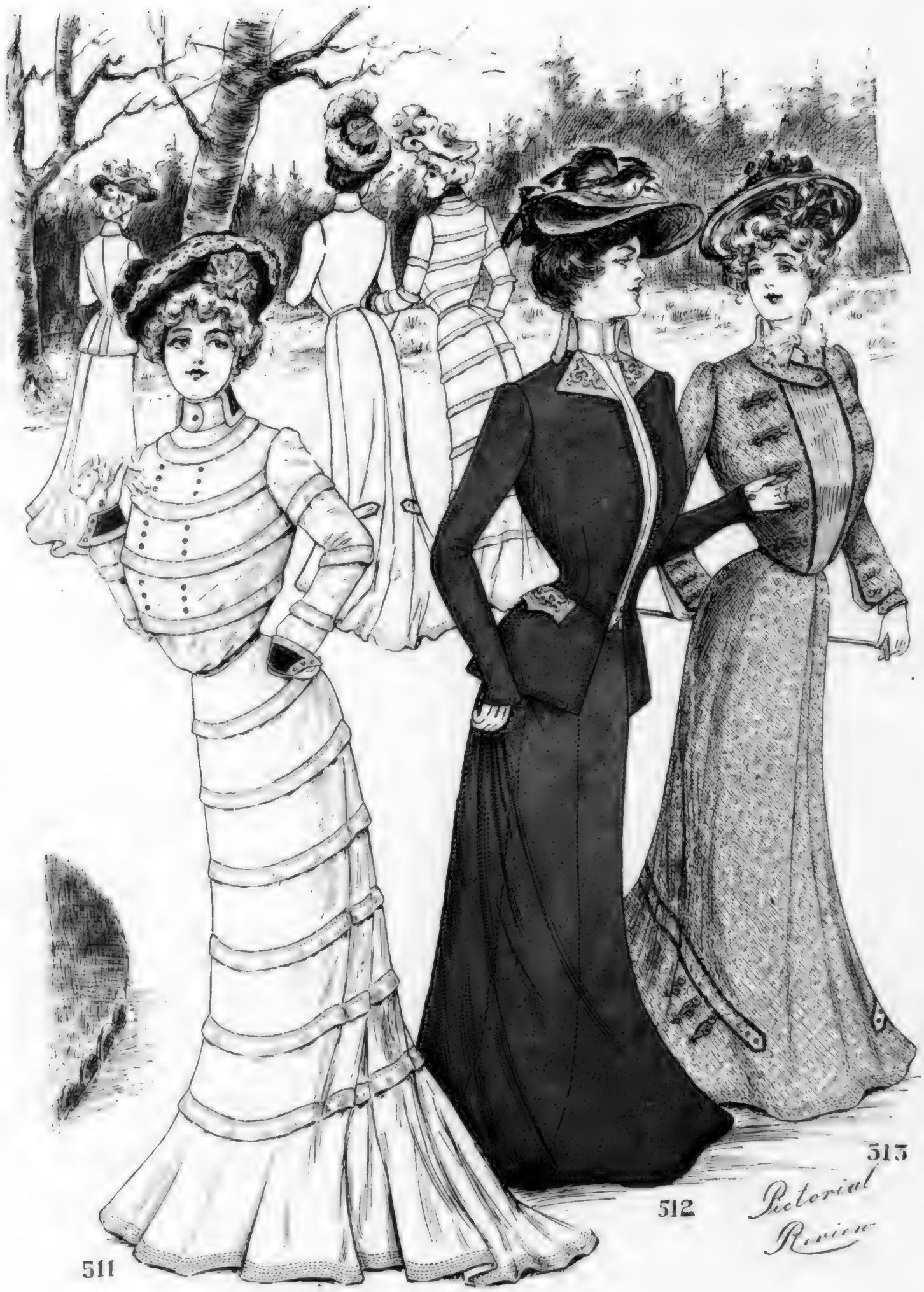
On Sundays music is the attraction that unites both the people and the court in their kiosk. As a general rule the Greek woman is fond of pleasure, including balls and theatrical displays. Evening entertainments and soirées are numerous and very *recherché*, very brilliant. The male contingent makes these a pretext for wearing uniforms glittering with more or less gold lace, and naturally an imposing spectacle is the result.

The greatest degree of splendor is, of course, reached at the royal palace. The ladies of honor attend the functions there in national costume, a light skirt, short black velvet jacket, lawn blouse and a scarlet cap posed coquettishly on the left side. Dancing is kept up until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, when a simple repast is served.

The young ladies of the aristocracy pass their time painting, embroidering or singing. Their voices are not very sweet, having rather a nasal twang. The most bizarre superstitions fill their minds with the occult and mysterious. They resemble the gracious fairies of ancient mythology that, as the saying goes, were the inhabitants of the green forest and the sunny dale.

Their surroundings are in truth well adapted for beliefs of this kind. A sapphire sky smiles down on the green earth, the air is so limpid and clear that objects at the greatest distance stand out sharp and distinct. The houses appear like white jewels against the verdant background. For months the sun's rays shine down on the earth, not one drop of rain falling from the clouds that appear only very rarely. A soft torpor, a sweet indolence lies over all. The nights are passed on the roofs, the people sleeping beneath the dark blue sky dotted with a myriad of stars.

The houses of wealthy Athenians resemble very much the habitations of ancient times, with peristyle and rows of stately columns. The drawing rooms and salons are large and spacious and make an attractive appearance when, at some evening function, they are filled with throngs of handsomely dressed people. The conversation never flags among the women, the topics being fashion or some approaching entertainment. When they are among themselves the women indulge in an occasional cigarette.



STREET COSTUMES.

(Described on page 16.)

TAFFETA AND FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Described on page 17.)

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID'S GOWNS.

(Described on page 17.)

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

IT was a clear, bright Summer night, the air heavy with the sweet odor of jasmine. Above Mount Olympus the moon was slowly moving, its glorious radiance enveloping the snowy top with a brilliant, greenish light.

Just this brilliancy intensified the shadows in the valley below, where, in the leafy bushes, the nightingale sang its thrilling song of love, flooding the whole place with music, yearning and tender. Occasionally the song would cease, and then the silence was so impressive that one could hear the soft murmur of the brook and the mystic whisperings of the wondrous, beautiful night.

Suddenly Peter and Paul appeared and sat down on a large rock near the summit to hold court over the ancient deities. Their heads were surrounded with bright halos that lit up their gray hair, furrowed brows and stern eyes. Further down in the shadow of the elms stood the crowd of forgotten gods, angrily awaiting the verdict that was to annihilate them.

Peter raised his hand and the first to step forth was Jove, the once mighty ruler of the clouds. He approached the Apostle proudly, his strong and giant figure as erect as the one Phidias carved in marble, yet dark and brooding with the weight of years. An aged eagle fluttered along the ground with broken wing, and the flashes of lightning, rusty and mildewed, fell from the stiffening hand of the erstwhile ruler of god and man.

As he stood before his judges the remembrance of his former power and might swelled his majestic frame. He proudly raised his head and his glowing eyes were fastened on the face of the old fisher of Galilee with a haughty, angry look. Thereupon the mountain trembled in fear as in days of yore, the frightened elms swayed from side to side, the song of the nightingale suddenly ceased and the moon grew as white as Arachne's linen. The wounded eagle gave a hoarse scream and the lightning shot forth with a hiss like a snake about to sting.

But Peter stamped his foot on the fiery stream, and, turning to Jove, cried:

"Be cursed forever! in all eternity!"

Thereupon the light in Jove's eyes extinguished, and with a groan he sank to the ground.

The next to appear was Poseidon or Neptune; his eyes were as black as night and dark curls clustered about his head. In his hand he carried the emblem of his former power.

To him Peter said:

"You shall never again agitate the ocean, nor shall you ever guide lost vessels into safe port. This shall be done by the Star of the Sea."

When Poseidon heard this he gave a loud scream and dissolved into a fog that slowly floated away.

From the crowd then with measured step approached Apollo carrying the phorminx, followed by the nine muses, looking like nine statues in their white garments. The frightened muses stood immovable, as if turned to stone, almost breathless and with no hope in their hearts. Apollo turned to the Apostle, and in a voice that sounded like sweetest music, said:

"Do not kill me, Oh mighty ruler! because you would only have to recall me to life. I am the flower of the human soul; I am its delight, its yearning, its radiance. You know very well that Song cannot rise to Heaven if you clip my wings. I beg of you, most holy men, do not destroy Poetry!"

A pause ensued. Peter raised his eyes to the bright stars, Paul supported his arms on his sword and meditated deeply.

At last he rose. Silently he blessed the dreamy, radiant countenance and exclaimed:

"Song and Poetry shall live forever!"

Apollo sat down at the feet of the Apostles. It seemed as if the moon shone brighter, the jasmine exhaled a more intense perfume, the brook rippled more gaily. The muses clustered together like a flock of snowy swans and a soft, low hymn of praise trembled on the stilly night.

* * * * * *

All the other gods passed in their turn, foremost Bacchus and his wild horde wreathed with ivy and grapes, emitting cries of wantonness, mingled with despair, as they sank into the bottomless pit.

* * * * * *

Suddenly there stood in front of the Apostles another figure, proud, embittered, haughty, and, without waiting to be questioned or to hear the verdict, she said, while a contemptuous smile played around her lips:

"I am Pallas Athene. I do not beg for life because I am only a phantom. I was obeyed and honored by Odyssee. A beardless youth, Telemachus respected and obeyed me. You cannot take away my immortality, but I tell you I was an empty shadow, and shall remain an empty shadow forever!"

* * * * * *

At last it came her turn—the most beautiful, the most adored of all goddessess.

She approached gently, reluctantly, yet most alluring with her tear-stained blue eyes. Her heart was beating loudly, her snowy bosom rose and sank with agitation, her lips trembled like those of a child who fears a cruel punishment. She sank at their feet, and, holding out her white arms in supplication, her voluptuous figure bent low in humiliation, she murmured in a sweet, trembling voice:

"I have sinned! I am guilty! But I am the happiness, the enchantment of the human race! Forgive! Be merciful! I am the sole happiness of humanity!"

Fear and sobs choked her voice and she could not continue. Peter looked at her compassionately and placed his hand on her bowed head, while Paul bent and picked a lily. Lightly touching her with it, he exclaimed:

"Be hereafter as this flower, and live! Always be the Happiness of Mankind!"

The day was dawning and in the east the sky was tinged with faint red streaks. The nightingale ceased her thrilling song and the lark took her place, greeting the young morning with a gleeful burst of music. The earth awoke, smiling and glad, because Poetry and Love were to be her companions forever.

* * *

THE EXPOSITION AS AN EDUCATOR.

"So you've been to the Pan-American Exhibition, eh?"

"Yes, and it's a fine show, too. I always like to go to expositions because, you know, they're such great educators. Why, a week at one of them kind of shows is worth more'n a whole blame college education."

"I've heard people say so. What does Pan-American mean, anyway?"

"Pan-American? I dunno. I didn't see any special exhibition of pans. Oh, I guess it's jist a fancy name some fellow thought of to make it different from the rest."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

* * *

AT BREAKFAST.

"John, dear, hadn't you been drinking when you came in last night?"

"That's like a woman. Just because I had some little difficulty in getting in, because I couldn't pronounce a few words, because I took off my clothes in the drawing room and wore my silk hat to bed, why you rush off to the conclusion that I had been drinking."—*Life.*

* * *

A REPROBATE.

"Aren't you ashamed to go away and leave your wife in tears?" asked the near relative.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the brutal man; "that's the way she has a good time when she goes to the theater."—*Washington Star.*

* * *

Woman's greatest joy, next to loving, is to obey.

Description of Plates.

ADVANCE FALL GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 506.—Cloth gown. Eton jacket, with turned back revers of white satin and Pompadour embroidery. Turn-over collar. Sleeves gathered at wrist and completed with turned back cuffs. Plain gored skirt, ornamented with stitching. Pattern, Eton, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 507.—Louis XV. jacket of velvet, with basque and inverted plait back. The belt is drawn through slashes in front. Turn-over collar. The sleeves have turned back cuffs and are completed with lace ruffles. Skirt of light cloth, with inverted plaits. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 508.—Tailor made gown of plaid. Blouse jacket, with basque. Turn-over collar of plain cloth, revers and turned back cuffs of the same. Band of stitched plain cloth on skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FALL TAILOR-MADES.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 509.—Tailor made suit of satin cloth. Fitted jacket, single-breasted, slightly cutaway fronts, coat collar and revers. Panel skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 510.—Tailor made suit of check material. Jacket with Norfolk effect, yoke piped with velvet and ornamented with stitching. Turn-over collar and cuffs faced with velvet. Flounce skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE DRESS SKIRTS.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

A.—Cloth skirt, narrow panel front, trimmed with embroidery or appliqué. Around the bottom are six ruffles edged with stitching. Velvet ribbon completes the garniture. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

B.—Cloth skirt, trimmed in yoke effect, with appliqué embroidery; similar embroidery imitates a flounce, the two being joined with straps of narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

C.—Cloth skirt, panel front, flounce laid in plait, springing out toward bottom, stitched cloth straps, velvet ribbon. Pattern 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

D.—Cloth skirt, trimmed with lace insertion and velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

E.—Corselet skirt of broadcloth, laced at the top and trimmed with velvet ribbon and lace insertion. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME TAFFETA WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 28.—Tucked taffeta waist, vest laid in lengthwise plaits, stitched straps, buttons. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 29.—Waist of tucked and hemstitched taffeta, vest of plaited mousseline de soie, stitched straps of plain taffeta, buttons. Lower parts of sleeve of plaited mousseline. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 30.—Taffeta waist tucked in clusters. Plaited vest, straps of stitched plain taffeta. Puffs of mousseline. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 31.—Satin or taffeta waist, tucked and fastened with small overlapping tabs, which, like the revers, are of plain material. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

STREET COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 511.—Costume of satin cloth. Blouse trimmed with bias folds doubled, and stitched at upper edge. Robespierre collar and turned back cuffs, faced with velvet. Similar garniture on skirt. Pattern, blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 512.—Costume of black broadcloth. Louis XV. jacket. Fitted vest of white cloth. Pocket flaps, revers and collar with

DAINTY CLOTH COSTUMES.

(Described on page 17.)

VISITING TOILETTES.

(Described on page 17.)

appliqué embroidery, stitching, plain skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 513.—Costume of mixed suiting. Vest of plaited mousseline de soie. Velvet piping. Passementerie ornaments. Yoke effect, imitated with straps of suiting. Skirt trimmed with strap, imitating a flounce. Pattern blouse, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents.

TAFFETA AND FLANNEL WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 13.)

Fig. 167.—Flannel waist, fronts and sleeves slashed over panels of tucked taffeta, edges laced with velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 168.—Flannel waist, tucked in clusters, vest of tucked taffeta, laced velvet ribbon. Lower part of sleeve of taffeta. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 169.—Flannel waist, trimmed with velvet ribbon, embroidery, ribbon lacing. Velvet collar, with embroidery, puff sleeve. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 170.—Taffeta waist trimmed with velvet ribbon, bolero effect of tucked taffeta, edged with narrow velvet ribbon. Pattern, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 514.—Bride's gown of ivory-white satin. Vest of plaited chiffon, fichu of the same, edged with a narrow ruffle. Bolero, edged with lace insertion. Upper part of sleeves of satin, lower part of chiffon. Skirt trimmed with lace insertion and edged with chiffon ruching, Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 515.—Bridesmaid's gown of pale-blue Louisine. Corsage made in bolero effect, tucked yoke, lace insertion. Upper part of sleeves tucked lengthwise, lower part horizontally. Skirt tucked in clusters, flounce tucked at top, springing out very full at bottom and headed with lace insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

DAINTY CLOTH COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 516.—Costume of satin cloth. Jacket with blouse effect Vest with Pompadour embroidery, revers and turned back cuffs to match. Turn-down collar and piping of velvet. Fancy buttons. Skirt plaited in front. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 517.—Costume of satin cloth. Jacket with blouse effect and basque, velvet straps, revers and turn-down collar, faced with white. Double sleeves; upper sleeve bell-shaped, lower part fitted. Lace jabot and lace ruffles. Flounce skirt. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

VISITING TOILETTES.

(Illustrated on page 17.)

Fig. 518.—Costume of satin cloth. Blouse waist opening over chemisette of contrasting material and trimmed with passementerie ornaments. Turn-down collar and cuffs of same material as chemisette. Lace jabot and lace ruffles. Flounce skirt trimmed with braid. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 519.—Costume of velvet and cloth. Jacket with blouse effect and basque, double-breasted. Revers of white satin and Pompadour embroidery. Sleeves slashed over lace puffs. Skirt of light cloth, trimmed with double bias folds of the cloth. Pattern, jacket, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

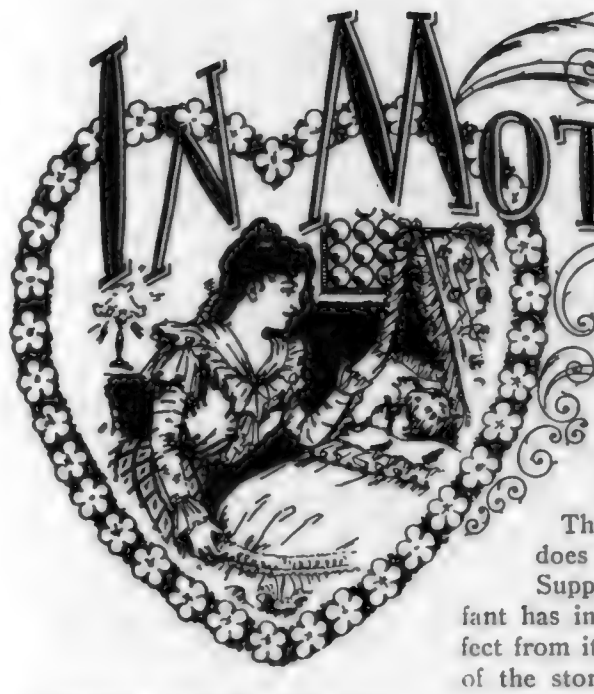
Fig. 520.—Dress of dark-blue cloth. Bolero, with scolloped edge. Large collar of embroidered lawn. Lower part of sleeve of lawn, velvet ribbon and embroidery. Skirt with scollops. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 521.—Dress of gray cashmere. Waist box-plaited. Vest of white China silk. Velvet piping, fancy buttons. New velvet standing collar. The skirt has a narrow panel front, and is trimmed with stitching, piping and buttons. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 522.—Dress of pale-blue veiling. Vest with corded horizontal tucks. Bretelle effect of plain veiling, trimmed with velvet straps and buttons. Skirt gathered at waist and trimmed in panel effect with velvet straps. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

(Continued on page 30.)

HANDSOME STREET COSTUMES.



HINTS ABOUT INFANT DISEASES.

WITH children lies the future of society and of their country. The greatest efforts, therefore, should be made to preserve them. At their age illnesses assume a special character, demanding a special treatment.

Age, like infancy, is a critical period of life. The chances of mortality, in fact, increase in proportion as the subject gets further away or approaches nearer to the first instants of life. This means that the fragility of a new born babe may be compared to that of a very old man. The child is even subject to affections of which the old man has no knowledge.

In the diseases of infants, therefore, a distinction must be made, according to whether they are studied in a little creature a few days old or observed in a child twelve to fourteen years old.

Affections to which a new born infant is liable are pretty numerous. In the first rank must be classed diarrhea, icterus or jaundice, and athrepsia or extreme leanness. What requires the most careful surveillance is the nourishment given. If it is defective internal troubles, capable of causing death, quickly supervene.

Let us suppose, for instance, the case of a healthy new born child, exclusively fed from a bottle, without any regard to aseptic precautions, and with milk of bad quality. Vomiting is sure to come on quickly and to be soon followed by diarrhea, kept up and aggravated by the continued presence of the cause.

The debility of the little being will continue to increase. The diarrhea creates and perpetuates an infectious condition which manifests itself by the entire body becoming yellow, by the appearance of real jaundice. This icterus can certainly be cured if the infant receives proper hygienic and medical treatment, but it is none the less capable of causing a fatal issue. It sometimes assumes so malignant a form that it not only aggravates the danger, but by becoming epidemic necessitates the isolation of the little patient.

The effect of vitiated food does not always stop there. Supposing the new born infant has inherited some sort of defect from its parents, the intolerance of the stomach and intestines continues to manifest itself by vomiting and diarrhea that nothing can check. The child becomes feverish, the stomach swells, the limbs waste and cachexia, or in a word athrepsia, supervenes, usually ending fatally. The excessive mortality among new born children is mainly due to these causes.

The conclusion to be drawn is a simple one; namely, that these poor little creatures ought to be nourished from the breast; that if the mother will not submit to this obligation she ought to provide a good wet nurse, who will give the little creature, under enlightened supervision, all the nourishment that its condition requires. In cases where natural milk cannot be had recourse should be had to a feeding bottle, which should always be asepticized before being filled with milk that has been sterilized. It is difficult to enlarge here on the details connected with the rational nourishment of a child only a few days old, but some general principles may be indicated.

If milk is the sole nourishment that suits the new born, it should be known that in cases of incurable diarrhea its suppression is absolutely imperative. It is by a hydric diet alone, by the administration of a few spoonfuls of a decoction of cereals or of albuminous water, that certain sick infants can be saved.

At the end of a few weeks the new born has become a child, and its morbidity—that is to say its aptitude to contract diseases—undergoes certain changes to which the infant will be subject. It will be especially liable to whooping-cough, measles, diphtheria and chorea (St. Vitus' dance).

Whooping-cough may be contracted at all periods of infancy; it is not, however, very frequent during the first six months of existence, and is most frequent between one year and seven years of age. If the attack is of moderate intensity, with strong paroxysms of coughing, ipecacuanha must be first administered, 1.20 gr. in three packets at five minute intervals, with a little lukewarm water to facilitate vomiting. At the same time one or two coffee spoons of syrup of belladonna should be given.

Measles, which rarely occur in the first few months of life, are most frequent between three and ten years of age. They are mostly contagious during the period that precedes the eruption, at a time when the malady is as yet not clearly recognized. The child should be kept in a well-aired room, and an infusion of borage, hot, should be administered to induce perspiration and bring out the eruption. The cough which always accompanies measles can be quieted by the absorption of a few dessert or teaspoonfuls of a gummy draught with syrup of codeine and tolu.

Diphtheria, which is rare during the first year, becomes more frequent from the second to the fifth year. It establishes itself mostly at the bottom of the throat, giving rise to croup. It is usually preceded by a slight indisposition. In the first day the child is seized with a slight temporary feverish movement; the next few days are marked by depression and sadness, want of appetite and pale cheeks. No real difficulty in swallowing is experienced, but attention is directed to the throat by the grimaces the child makes while swallowing and by a slight change in the tone of voice. This is due to the existence of false membranes at the bottom of the throat. Not a moment should be lost. Treatment by anti-diphtheritic serum should be adopted without the slightest delay.

Chorea, although not a malady confined to infancy, is much more frequently observed in quite young children than at any other period of life. It most frequently attacks children between six and fifteen years old. The limbs twitch with involuntary movements, the child makes wry faces, the eyelids turn up and down, the eyes roll in all directions. The body is in perpetual motion, which does not cause fatigue, but generally ceases during sleep. The case should be treated with antipyrine, administered three times a day in a capsule containing 0.50 grammes. At the same time, to combat the anemia which always accompanies this nervous condition, the child should be quickly and totally immersed in a cold water bath, to be followed by dry rubbing and a walk, or else three hours in bed; and at each meal a packet containing ten centigrammes of reduced iron should be given.

The preceding remarks only give a slight outline of the morbidity of new born babes and infants. The study of the diseases of infancy should be encouraged, because its sole object is to reduce the excessive mortality of young children.

NERVOUSNESS IN CHILDREN.

One very common cause of nervousness in children is the delight which nurses, and even mothers, take in making some sudden noise close to the child's ear. Nothing could be more harmful; baby starts, all his little nerves are set quivering, his heart beats rapidly, and when this excitement subsides it leaves the brain abnormally active, while the body is languid and weakened. The next time a loud noise startles him these symptoms are even more pronounced, and so it goes on until baby becomes a little bundle of nerves, frightened by the least sound, and instead of his brain and faculties developing they are being permanently weakened by such injudicious treatment.

LITTLE GIRL'S HAIR.

The care of a girl's hair during her childhood has much to do with its later beauty. With the exception of an occasional clipping or singeing of the ends where a tendency to split is noticeable, the growth of the hair should not be interfered with. The old idea that it ought to be cut short in childhood is not now entertained, except in special cases. Hasty combing injures the hair by breaking it. It should be carefully brushed out, the hair being separated into strands if it shows a tendency to mat. If the comb, at the end of the operation, has gathered a considerable amount of knots and snarls and long hairs, the method has not been proper. It is possible to brush out a tangle of locks and scarcely lose a hair, but it takes care and patience. It is also unwise to wash the hair too often, as it makes it dry and brittle. Profuse perspiration is bad for the hair; for which reason light and well-ventilated hats should be selected for little girl's wear during summer weather. While luxuriant hair or the reverse is largely a matter of hereditary and physical temperament, it is also true that proper care of hair will do much to enhance a naturally good growth or improve a poor one.

THE BABY'S SLEEP.

A young child ought to have at least two hours' sleep in the middle of the day, on precisely the same principle that makes you feed him twice as often as grown persons are fed. But two hours is plenty in most cases, and the mother always has to guard against a nap so long that baby will not want to go to sleep again when bedtime comes.

Sometimes the sleeplessness of children is owing to excitation of the digestive organs. In that case it is a good plan to allow only vegetable foods at the evening meal.

Sometimes the women with the smallest mouths have the largest-sized kisses.

ATTRACTIVE DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Described on page 17.)

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs.*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES.—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as we use the nom de plume or name you wishus to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Miss Myrtel G., Philadelphia.—Use the following skin food, which has been found very beneficial by all who have employed it: Spermaceti, one and a half ounces; white wax, half an ounce; oil of sweet almonds, four fluid ounces; borax, one and a half drachms; glycerine, one and a half ounces; orange flower water, half a fluid ounce; oil of neroli, one drop; attar of roses, two drops. Melt the wax, spermaceti and oil of almonds together; dissolve the borax in the orange flower water and glycerine, previously mixed. Pour the solution a little at a time into the melted mixture, stirring without ceasing until the solution is fully incorporated. Then add the essential oils. This should be gently rubbed into the skin at night after first thoroughly washing the face with warm water, pure soap and a face brush.

Formula for Shampoo.—Melt a cake of pure oilve soap in a quart of boiling water. When the soap is dissolved the result will be almost a jelly. Take of this thin jelly two large tablespoonfuls and a small lump of common washing soda about the size of a filbert. First wet the hair thoroughly with hot water, then rub the shampoo mixture well into the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several waters.

Egg Shampoo.—Yolk of one egg, one pint of hot rain water, one ounce of spirit of rosemary; beat the mixture up thoroughly and use it warm, rubbing it well into the skin of the head. Rinse thoroughly in several waters. This wash is good for dandruff, where the ordinary shampoo fails.

The instruction for massaging the scalp is rather intricate, and we will, as soon as possible, publish an illustrated article that will be much more explicit than any printed explanation. I am very glad that the advice given in PICTORIAL REVIEW has been helpful to you, and thank you very much for your warm appreciation.

Mrs. F. W., New York.—Do not have your material dyed. It will make up very stylishly into a plain skirt, with shaped flounce, but you will have to cut it very carefully or you will not have sufficient stuff. A striped blue and white silk waist, or an all-blue waist, with white vest and sleeve puffs, would look very well with it. There are plenty of fancy striped silks that would harmonize with the skirt.

Mrs. J. D. S., Connecticut.—There are many cold sauces suitable for serving with cold asparagus. Iced cream, mayonnaise, sauce mousseline or d'Argenteuil are all favorites. For Mousseline Sauce whip a gill of aspic jelly till quite stiff and frothed, then mix with it a gill of thick mayonnaise and one of stiffly-whipped cream, with a dust of cayenne pepper, a pinch of powdered sugar and a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar. You can vary this to taste by using tomato mayonnaise instead of the plain mayonnaise. For Argenteuil Sauce pound the hard-boiled yolks of two or three eggs to a paste with a half a gill or so of best salad oil, or a teaspoonful of mustard and a saltspoonful each of white pepper and salt. When this is all thoroughly blended add a tablespoonful of cold white sauce (the richer this is the better), with a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar and a spoonful of minced parsley. Serve very cold.

Home Dressmaker, St. Louis.—The several rows of satin piping should have been applied to your skirt by hand rather than machine, and then they would not have puckered. You might rip them off carefully, so as not to stretch, and replace by hand, though I scarcely think they will ever look smooth.

Subscriber, Vermont.—You can take your position in the world and dress suitably without this heavy expenditure. It requires, of course, a knowledge of what to wear on the various occasions and how to manage. If you are in what is called "smart society," as Madame Sarah Grand says, in contradistinction to "good society," you can spend any amount. It seems a *sine qua non* to be expensively dressed, witty, and have plenty of "go." But you could mix in good society and dress suitable for the sum you mention.

Miss L. S.—By all means line it with chiffon; it gives it substance and much enhances the beauty and softness of the work. The bodices are cut square. For the sleeves I should prefer a white tulle lining. This is quite invisible on the arm, but is most becoming to the skin. The dress is sure to turn out well. It is just what is being worn. You will see some pretty suggestions in recent numbers of PICTORIAL REVIEW. The front of the bodice should be slightly pouched and the waist line brought down to a point in front.

Mrs. G., St. Louis.—The black and white skirt would do for traveling and ordinary wear if you had a neat black cloth bolero to wear with it, and you should take the visiting dress, as you are to stay with a friend, and another hat, a pretty toque, which would pack easily. Wear the hat you have for traveling. Muslin and lace slips are worn over close-fitting slip bodices of white or delicate color, pale-blue, pink, green or mauve. Your silk bodices sound much too dark for the purpose. Why not make yourself one or two pretty ones of cheap Japanese silk or of lawn. The blue silk blouse will do for afternoon wear, but not for evening. Have a pretty blouse of some thin fabric, which will go with your gauze skirt. Grenadine would be pretty, or chiffon or net over black silk, with transparent yoke.

Bride, Philadelphia.—No, it is not necessary for them to do so, unless they wished it. The matter is optional. If the bridesmaids wear hats as part of their costume, they would keep them on at either the breakfast or reception. The two little pages would both hold the train. They would, that is, carry it on the bride's entrance and while she walked to the altar, but they need not do so during the service. They would, however, stand ready to take it up again when she left the altar. They should stand immediately behind her. The two bridesmaids would follow behind the pages, and during the ceremony place themselves either behind them or slightly to either hand of them, the principal bridesmaid being near enough to the bride to fulfil her duty of taking the bride's bouquet and gloves, to hold for her during the wedding service.

Ethel H.—An after-call to an at-home is not necessary unless there was a special reception in the form of a musicale or entertainment. An at-home is understood to be the hostess receiving the calls of her friends all at one time.

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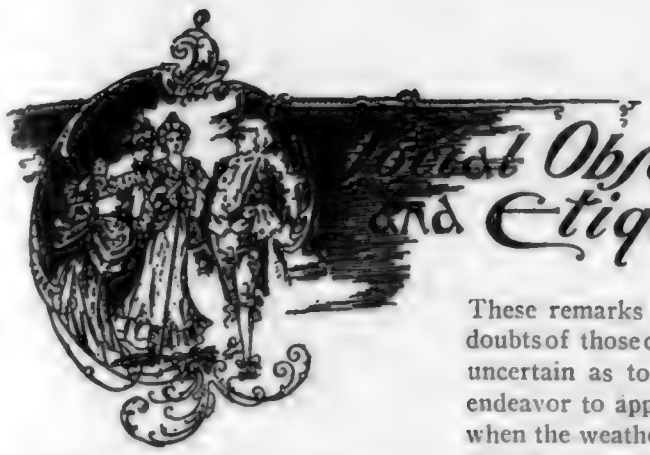
GIRLS' FROCKS.

(Described on page 30.)



THE SEPTEMBER GARDEN PARTIES.

AS the month of September advances outdoor gatherings—notably garden parties—become very numerous, because with every year society extends the season in the country more and more.

There is no form of entertainment more popular than a garden party, none so easy to give, so convenient and so far reaching, and which admits of so many guests being invited without the fear that space will not be equal to the occasion. The one crumpled roseleaf is the chance of the weather not proving as propitious as might be wished, but this is a side issue and is not allowed to influence the matter beyond making preparations to compete with adverse weather should it arise, and by holding an at home within doors instead of without. "Weather Permitting" is now seldom put upon the invitation cards; formerly, it was a very obiquitous phrase, now it is rarely seen. It is taken for granted by most hostesses that a certain proportion of those invited will attend and take their chance of a showry afternoon proving ultimately fine, and that a certain number will not run this risk, and will, therefore, stay away. The numbers being thus reduced, plenty of room is found within doors for those who decide on the former course; therefore, however wet an afternoon may prove, garden party guests are expected nevertheless. The arrangements for a large garden party are often on an extensive scale. For instance, some special amusement is not unfrequently provided, and the performers engaged weeks in advance, or it may be a band is to be the attraction. Anyhow, whatever be the nature of the talent secured, the performance could not be postponed on the day of a garden party, should the weather be ever so unfavorable, without incurring the full cost agreed upon, minus traveling expenses. Then, again, fruit is a prominent feature at these teas, and large quantities of berries and other fruit, peaches, grapes, etc., when ordered for a certain afternoon, cannot be countermanded on the spur of the moment, and the same applies to ices and confectionery and to many major and minor arrangements, such as the erection of a marquee or tents of all sizes, the hire of seats, and so on, which are usually in readiness hours previous to the time of being required for use.

These remarks are made to meet the doubts of those correspondents who are uncertain as to whether they should endeavor to appear at a garden party when the weather would seem to suggest the contrary on the assumption that it may be postponed at the eleventh hour owing to climatic conditions. It will be seen that postponement is out of the question save under exceptional circumstances, such as sudden illness or bereavment.

The invitations to large garden parties are issued on the special size at home cards. When the host is a man of official importance, or when he is a high dignitary of the Church, his name, with that of his wife, appears on the cards, otherwise the invitations are given in the name of the wife only. "Mrs. S. at home" is the usual formula, together with the day and date, hours and address. For official gatherings it is usual to "request the honor of the company of Mrs. B. at a garden party," but under ordinary circumstances the words "garden party" are not used on the invitation cards, the address being sufficient indication that a garden party is intended. But there are exceptions to this rule as to all others, and now and again the said words are used in the body of the invitation, or in a corner of the cards, but only when the function is a very large one and its importance is considerable.

The arrangements for tea vary considerably, according to the capabilities and conveniences of a house and the extent of a household, and also to the inclination of a host and hostess. If the rooms are very spacious tea is usually arranged within doors, or tables for strawberries and cream, ices and iced cups are placed out of doors under the trees near to the house, and tea, coffee and confectionery served within doors, or the whole of the refreshments are arranged on long tables and smaller tables out of doors, in all cases near to the house for convenience of serving. Again a marquee is often erected for the purpose of being used as a tea room, one side of which is left entirely open for access and egress and for light and air, and in addition to the buffet, small tables are placed inside and outside for the accommodation of the guests.

The hours of a garden party are from four to seven, and the guests generally commence arriving close upon 4 o'clock, and continue to do so up to 5.30 or even 6 o'clock and later still. Some remain for an hour, or an hour and a half, and others perhaps only twenty minutes. The hostess with the host by her side together receive the company out of doors, usually under the shadow of the house, and remain at their post for about an hour and a half, after that time late arrivals make their way to where they are standing to shake hands. At large garden parties guests leave cards either on arrival or departure, according to arrangements made for this purpose.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. E. A. S., Kan.—I. When the mother gives the bride away it is perfectly correct for her to walk to the altar with the bride. The minister and groom take their places, then the bridesmaids and groomsmen enter, followed by the bride and her mother.

II. The members of the two families should remain in the room with the bridal party and the guests be grouped in whatever place is at disposal. In order to avoid crowding in the room where the ceremony takes place, it would be a good idea to mark off an aisle with white satin ribbon in order that the bridal procession may reach the minister. People at home weddings, even if they have the best intentions, are apt to crowd and push to get a glimpse of the bride, and the best-laid plans are, by these means, often overthrown.

III. It is not necessary to address the inside envelope, but address the outside envelope to Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

The following suggestions will perhaps aid you in amusing your guests:

Secure as many cards as there are to be guests, and paint or paste on them some five or six small flags of different nations, numbering each flag Sometimes one can obtain small buttons with these flags on them, and these answer quite as well. It is better to have each card different and to assort the flags, so that every card may contain some not very generally known. The United States flag might be omitted, as every one would be familiar with that; but the flag of Liberia could be used on several cards, as its resemblance to our flag would be apt to deceive many.

Hand a card and a pencil to each guest. After the guests are supplied with cards and pencils let each one write opposite the flags the countries whose emblems they are. This will be found no easy matter, unless the guest should be a sailor or a globe-trotter, and many amusing guesses will be recorded.

The one who succeeds in guessing the countries correctly, or in guessing nearest, might be rewarded with a United States flag pin or a pretty silk flag. For making awards the hostess should have a list of the flags that are on each card, which should be numbered, and compare the list with the guesses handed in by the company.

Another amusing game is the building up of sentences of five words or over.

If you will permit us to express our opinion we do not think the idea of letting the guests find their places at the table in some amusing way a feasible one because it is likely to bring on a great deal of confusion. It is much more practicable to designate the place of each guest with a dainty card beading his or her name. We do not make any charges for queries sent either to the general correspondent columns or the etiquette page. On the contrary, we are only too willing and pleased to be of as much assistance to our subscribers as is possible, and cordially invite them to come to us with any question they may be in doubt about.

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SERVICEABLE SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Described on page 30.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS

THE most important factor in a woman's face is, perhaps, hairdressing. According to the way in which the hair is dressed the wearer can be made to look five years older or younger. In Italy women follow the profession of hairdressing, and every young girl, rich or poor, has her "pettinatrice," who comes every morning to do her hair. The same system is in force in France, where the "figaro," however, belongs to the masculine gender.

It is a pretty sight to see the French workgirls trotting off to their shops in the morning with their daintily coiled hair. They discard all headgear but their own shining locks. Here, unfortunately, we have less individuality in taste. A style is started; we all follow it blindly without due consideration as to whether it is our particular style or not. Yet what food for reflection is here!

Reflect, for instance, how few women have a very pretty nape to their necks. Yet we see all feminine world with their hair carried to the very summit of the head. Tall girls look like giraffes crowned with an edifice where a flat surface would be desirable. Now that we are going to wear the hair low we shall find all the small women trying to make themselves look smaller by the adoption of a mode that is only for the "divinely tall daughters of the gods!"

A return to the waved bandeaux and cascade of curls at the back, which we see in most of Winterhalter's portraits, is imminent in Paris, and already our hairdressers' shops show blocks the counterpart of what the fair Eugénie's was like in the days of the third empire.

For a moderately tall and graceful woman with regular features it is impossible to devise a style more attractive, but we must dress up to it. Our bodices must sweep in bold lines, and reveal a generous display of shoulders. Pointed corsages with berthas of lace and ample flounced skirts will follow suit. For the street we shall see a revival of the tight-fitting "Spencer," and hats with long sweeping plumes of the amazone type will come into fashion once more.

Meanwhile, what is the "petite" woman to wear? She wants to make her neck look long; her person tall. Deftly she sweeps her waved hair straight from the nape of the neck, makes it into two or three twists, and rapidly curves it into a jug handle coil on the summit of her head, so that it will show well from the front view, and twists the remaining coil or coils round and round the edifice. The hair is parted either to the side or in front, to be divided into groups of little ring-like curls on either side. This is classically known as the "coiffure 1830." For young girls of 14 to 16 years of age the low coiffure will assume the style of a "perruque," being tied at the back in a "catogan."

The Louis-quatorze and Louis-seize styles may come in now that the first step is taken, and I do not despair of seeing the flat, smooth piece of hair brushed back where the parting used to be, with clustering ringlets framing the face, and a small chignon twisted at the back. Elderly woman and matrons will rejoice to see a more elaborate style coming in. The scantiness of our hairdressing has been the despair of hairdressers and matrons for the last few years.

Combs tipped with pearls or jewels will be very popular this season, when a variety of new styles will make their appearance. Women past thirty want something that accompanies and frames the face. False hair will receive a fresh impetus, and our heads will be a source of interest as well as expense.

A flower or colored bow placed at the summit of the head slightly on one side adds to the height of the wearer and gives length to a full round face. The flowers worn nestling in a cascade of curls beneath the left ear corrects an over long oval, and makes the wearer look less abnormally tall. Flat kiss-curls suit many, and are more fashionable than a bushy, waved bang. The flat curls are easily made by tying a lace fall or piece of tulle over the hair for about an hour every morning. In hot weather little curls at the back of the neck, etc., must be avoided, as they get limp, and uncurl in a few hours.

Fair women need the halo of curls more than their darker sisters; they are beautified by a frame of wavy hair or bunches of small curls. A piquant brunette gains quaintness from stiff, little, flat bandeaux, not unlike those one sees painted upon the children's wooden dolls. A low, straight bang gives a stupid, even a bestial, expression to the face. Strong features and a full forehead calls for a soft, full style, while a small cameo face will not be endangered by the severe Greek and classical methods of hairdressing. If the hair is worn very high Medici and high collars of all kinds can be worn. The dog's-collar necklets will be adopted, and square cut bodices should be chosen. For the Eugénie style the Victoria décolleté and the chaplets of pearls in rows of three or five must be selected.

I am persuaded that soda and ammonia are responsible for much of the premature grayness one hears about now; therefore, it is best to use borax instead when washing the hair. No woman in her senses will resign herself to be gray at thirty or even forty, but as there are plenty of harmless restorers wherewith to color the hair, care must be taken not to purchase deleterious productions too often sold for that purpose.

* * *

LEMONS AS A MEDICINE.

Lemon juice, sweetened with loaf or crushed sugar, will relieve a cough.

For feverishness and unnatural thirst, soften a lemon by rolling on a hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar and work it down into the lemon with a fork, then suck it slowly.

During the warm months a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration can be produced by a free use of lemonade.

For six large glasses of lemonade use six large, juicy lemons; roll on a hard surface, so that the juice can be easily extracted. Peel and slice, add sufficient sugar to sweeten and stir it well into the juice before adding the water.

Hot lemonade will break up a cold if taken at the start. Make it the same as cold lemonade, only use boiling water instead of cold water, and use about one-half as much sugar.

A piece of lemon, or stale bread moistened with lemon juice bound on a corn will cure it. Renew night and morning. The first application will produce soreness, but if the treatment is persisted in for a reasonable length of time a cure will be effected.

The discomfort caused by sore and tender feet may be lessened, if not entirely cured, by applying slices of lemon on the feet.

To cure chilblains, take a piece of lemon, sprinkle fine salt over it and rub the feet well. Repeat if necessary.

Lemon juice will relieve roughness and vegetable stains on the hands. After having the hands in soapsuds rub them with a piece of lemon. That will prevent chapping and make the hands soft and white.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 53 years—no other has—and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. **GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.** FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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AFTERNOON DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Described on page 30.)

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY MLLE. PRATIQUE.

A CLOTH SKIRT, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

AS the Fall advances cloth skirts begin to be in demand again, and the light, cool Summer skirt of piqué, duck and linen are laid away for next year. One of the leading styles for Fall wear, or, in fact, the leading style, is the skirt fitted to the knees and flaring out very full toward the bottom, which fulness is usually gained by means of a flounce.

Fig. 536.

One of the latest and most approved models is shown in Fig. 536, and its making is the subject of the current dressmaking lesson.

To fashion it 4⅛ yards of material 54 inches wide are required, and the material is opened its full width before the pattern is placed on it, as shown in Diagram I. Care must be taken to place the pattern on the goods exactly as shown, owing to the nap. After the skirt is cut out carefully it is basted together according to the perforations, being careful to bring the plaits into proper position.

When the flounce is basted to the upper part the greatest care must be exercised not to stretch it, as the hang of the flounce would then be hopelessly spoiled. For skirts of this kind it is best to cut the lining the same as the outside material and stitch it with the seams instead of making a separate drop skirt.

When cutting out allow one inch more in length than the skirt is to be when finished. This allows for the finishing seams, one-half inch for the lower edge and the other half inch for the top. Care must be taken to cut the opposite sections exactly alike and with even edges—that is, if the person is evenly proportioned. If, on the contrary, as is frequently found, one hip is higher than the other, make allowances as you find necessary. Carefully mark or notch the corresponding pieces so that no difficulty will arise when desiring to join the parts.

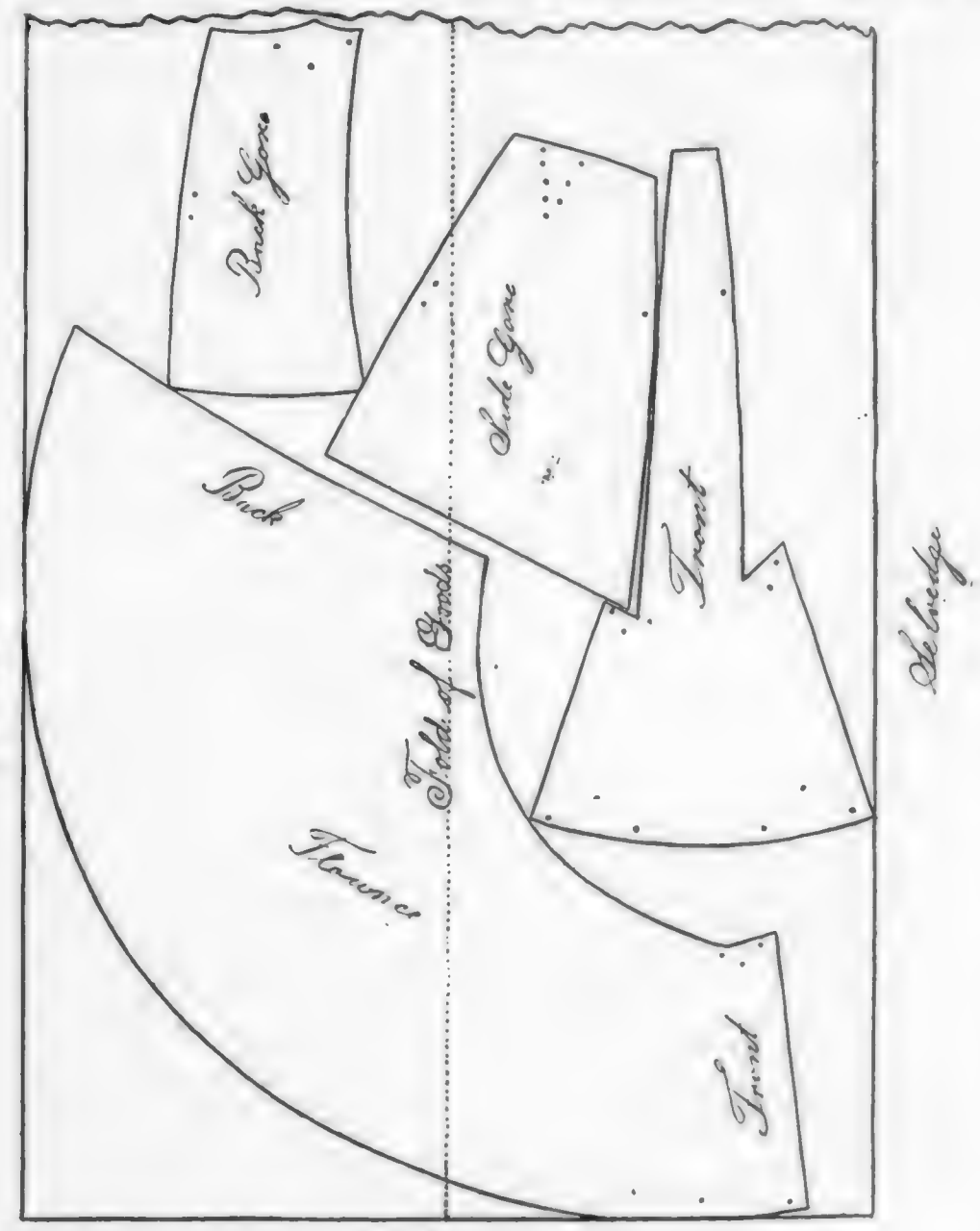
If the outside material and the lining are to be joined then the two must be basted together, and in doing this under no circumstance must the outside be fuller than the lining, because the skirt would show puckers after being finished.

After the sections of the skirt are basted together the seams are stitched and pressed open, and the edges are variously finished either pinked, bound or overcast. An error that often arises is that the seams of a skirt will not meet evenly top and bottom. This defect is due to careless cutting, and can be remedied only by taking the skirt apart and carefully measuring each section over again. Never hold a bias edge taut when basting it with the straight. Where two bias edges are joined in one seam a stay tape or a strip of lining must be basted on one side and sewed in with the seam to prevent stretching.

The seams of the front are finished with rows of stitching that terminate at the top of the inverted plaits, and the seam that joins flounce and skirt is concealed with a band of tucked cloth or taffeta, edged with a fold of plain material.

The bottom of the flounce is best finished with a facing, as this will materially aid in preventing the flounce from sagging. The facing is cut bias and shaped exactly according to the flounce. This facing is strongly advised unless the cloth is very heavy, in which case it will not be required. The neatest way of finishing the edge is the velveteen binding, or a braid or bias strip of velveteen can be folded like a piping and be inserted between the skirt and the facing. In no case should the binding appear more than an eighth of an inch below the skirt.

The next thing to be taken up are the darts and the placket opening, which is put at the left side of the front gore. The latter laps over. It is faced with a piece of thin material about two inches wide, and the left side or the part which comes under is completed with a fly; the latter is a straght piece of the cloth three inches wide.



Dia, I.

VICTORIOUS.—By HELEN ANTHONY.

I.

SHE stood at her husband's desk and held a small, dainty lavender-colored letter in her hand. During the ten days that her husband had been away this was the sixth letter of the same kind. The same paper, the same writing and—she raised it slightly to her face—the same perfume. A strong, heavy odor that was decidedly repulsive to her sensitive nerves.

Who was the writer? And what did she write to her husband about? Were these letters just the beginning, or were they a continuation? She had never seen one of them before, because they always came with the early mail when she was usually still asleep. She stared at the address, with its perpendicular fine lines—undoubtedly a woman's hand. Who was she and what did she want of the man who was her own, her husband, whom she loved above all else?

Was she one of those women that are kissed in secret and not recognized in public? Or was she one of those unfortunates who are the prey of their uncontrollable passions? And, if so, did she have any right to it, or was she forcing herself forward?

These burning questions had troubled the young woman for days. Everything seemed to warrant a denial. But no matter how warmly her heart defended her beloved it could not allay all the scruples, all the anxiety, that barely calmed, barely pushed into the background, persisted in coming to her mind again and again.

Everything within her clamored for certainty. She had come to the conclusion that the truth, no matter how bitter, was a hundred times to be preferred to this martyrdom of uncertainty and worry that robbed her of her peace of mind and rest. Her hand took up the letters again and again and the desire to know all grew stronger with every moment. If she opened them she would soon discover what it was all about—could he reproach her for it? Would not every woman scourged with suspicion act in the same way? Was it not her right to satisfy herself on this point, and could she be called inquisitive?

Countless times in these few days had she approached the desk with the determination of opening the letters, but no sooner did she have them in her hand than her innate aristocracy gained the better of this determination. The contents were not meant for her, and although it was her right to know them she hesitated to gain this knowledge in any underhanded manner behind his back. She could demand the letters, but could not take them herself.

This same scene was repeated to-day. After a short, sharp struggle she replaced the letters on the desk and went back to her own room.

Not very long afterward the bell rang and the maid brought in a telegram from her husband.

"Shall arrive to-night with 9 o'clock train."

EDDIE.

A bitter smile curved her lips. At other times her rapture would have been beyond description and she would have pressed her lips to the paper that bore this welcome message. But to-day it was different. Suspicion had been roused, and the thought of the letters from the other woman, lying on his desk and waiting for him, brought a burning pain to her heart and the tears to her eyes.

At the same time she could not help feeling a slight relief that his coming made any action on her part impossible. She determined to pass the few hours as best she could, give him the letters and draw her conclusions from his bearing. The next moment she gave up this idea also. No, he should find the letters on his desk when he returned and she would not be present. If he was guilty she did not wish to humiliate him, but rather give him time to find the right way. She was decidedly determined that this matter should be cleared up, because she was one of those upright women whose happiness can only be complete if it rests on a solid, firm foundation, and the idea that she had to share her husband's love with another woman was torture to her.

When she ordered her carriage for 8 o'clock to take her to the Bijou Theater, and then from there go to the Pennsylvania Depot for her husband the girl looked at her with as great an astonishment as her perfect training would permit. The servants were absolutely unaccustomed to see their mistress go out to any pleasure alone.

When the young wife sat in the theater she wondered why she had come. The music and the splendid cast of the play afforded her no enjoyment; on the contrary she felt bored. All her thoughts were at home, with him, who was only just arriving and was surely surprised not to find her there to welcome him. She thought of him looking for her in their home, how astonished he would be when the servants told him she had gone to the theater, then, disappointed, he would go to his den to look over the mail that had arrived during his absence and would find the six letters from the woman unknown to her, but perhaps too well known to him, together with her own note which she had laid on top. It contained but a few words: "I have gone away because I do not wish to witness your perusal of these letters. If you have anything to say to me about them to-morrow will be time enough."

Would he be able to appreciate her self-denial, or would he smile at her *betise* in voluntarily giving up a weapon?

The door of her box noiselessly opened and she heard some one enter. She did not turn her head because she instinctively knew who it was and experienced no surprise when he laid his hand on hers with a warm, tender clasp—a mute plea for forgiveness and of thanks. He bent toward her and whispered:

"My brave little wife!"

A vivid blush crimsoned her face at these words, because she understood that he fully realized her actions and her feelings.

"Come, let us go home," he begged, "the carriage is waiting."

She rose at once and complied with his wishes. On the way home they exchanged no words, but he kept hold of her hand as if he never again meant to let it go.

He pictured to himself her unrest, her suspicion at the frequent letters, and admired the heroism that prompted her to leave the letters unopened and unread. No one else would have practised such self-denial. Her power of will and her aristocratic nature compelled his highest respect.

He loved her more than ever. The picture of the other woman, the connection with whom

(Continued on page 30.)

The House Wife

THE SOFT FRUITS: HOW TO USE THEM.

THE problem the housewife has to consider is how best to use, and how to save soft fruit. By soft fruits we mean strawberries, cherries, raspberries, currants, peaches and apricots, ripe melons, certain plums and also blackberries. Many of these are seedy fruits, on that account are indigestible, and can therefore only be used by some people in the form of syrups, jellies, etc.; by others they may be eaten with impunity.

The acidity of some fruits, notably currants, often induce the eating of an overamount of sugar with them, and it is this which gives rise to fermentation and rashes, through no fault of the fruit. The juice of fresh ripe currants without sugar is one of the best remedies for skin rashes arising from overheating of the blood. If a practice were made of eating bread or dry biscuits with ripe fruit much of its acidity would be absorbed and the difficulty of its digestion reduced to a minimum. Some claim that to ice uncooked fruits makes them sour, and that they should stand in a cool place, but not in a refrigerator. Most of the soft fruits are more wholesome if eaten uncooked, and their flavor is certainly superior. For present purposes cooking should only be applied to those fruits which have tough skins or whose ripeness is questionable.

One of the best modes of setting raw ripe fruit on the table is a salad; this may be made decorative as well as useful by varying the colors in mixing the fruits, red, white, black, etc. The dressing for a fruit salad is powdered sugar and wine, or, where wine is objected to, syrup. Ripe currants, raspberries and stoned cherries make a pleasant salad together, and strawberries alone, cherries alone, a mixture of peeled apricots and pineapple, melons and peaches, or melons and pineapples all blend well. Claret is generaly preferred for the dressing of strawberries, especially if the kind chosen is the wild wood strawberry, but a sweet wine accords better with acid fruits. Sherry suits stone fruits best. The dressing may be poured over the fruit about an hour before serving the salad if it be kept in a cool place; use a deep compote dish in preference to a bowl. A spoonful of good liqueur, preferably curaçoa, gives flavor to the mixture, and when apricots are used a few of the kernels should be blanched and chopped to mix with the fruit.

To make syrups for use as sherbet, when it is desirable to keep as much of the natural flavor of the ripe fruit as possible, the best way is to fill stone jars with alternate layers of ripe fruit and sugar, letting them stand two or three days, then pressing well, pouring the liquid off through a thin muslin, and bringing it up to boiling point in the preserving pan. Boil for two minutes, no more.

For compotes make the syrup of sugar and water first, letting it boil a moment or two to clear it, then put in the fruit and cook until tender but not broken. Plums of all kinds, apricots, peaches and apples are the best fruits for this purpose. Currants and raspberries require rather more cooking, and if strawberries are used in this way it suffices to pour the boiling syrup over them, not letting them see the fire at all. As a rule strawberries are not improved by heating. Ripe raspberries are delicious when served exactly like strawberries, namely, with sugar and cream, or instead of cream currant juice may be used.

Whipped cream for serving with all fruits is less rich if one or two whisked whites of eggs are beaten in, and it also goes further with this addition. A ring shape of solid custard, the center filled with cooked fruit and syrup, is an easy dish for a dinner, and a custard of blanc-mange mold, with whole ripe fruit stirred in before it sets, is another. Very wholesome for the invalid or the nursery table are fruit charlottes—that is, strips of bread fitted as a lining to a mould, the center being filled in with more bread cut into dice, and strained juice from cooked fruit poured in to fill up to the top; the bread should only half fill the shape, as it must have room to swell, and the juice must be sweet enough to require no further addition after. Leave for several hours or over night, then turn out and pour sweetened cream over. A ground rice mold, using half milk and half fruit juice, is still another wholesome pudding. All of these are more easily digested than pastry.

Another method of preserving peaches and apricots is to peel and halve them, removing the stones, weigh, and allow the same weight of sugar; cover the fruit with the sugar and stand aside over night. Drain off the syrup and boil it well, then drop in the fruit a little at a time. When thoroughly hot lift out again with a strainer and set on plates in full sunshine to dry. Set out a second day, then, if fairly dry, roll the fruit in granulated sugar and pack it away in flat biscuit tins. By doing the fruit in small quantities at a time the syrup is economized and no water is needed. Morella cherries could be done this way if previously stoned; also greengages.

The Swiss method of pickling plums produces a delicious sweet; prick large Orleans or date plums with a darning needle, lay them in deep stone jars with sugar sprinkled liberally between each layer; leave them thus two or three days. Strain out the syrup that runs from them and add to it an equal quantity of white wine vinegar, boiling both together for twenty minutes, adding stick cinnamon and a piece of mace. Pour this while boiling over the plums and see that there is enough liquid to well cover all. Leave three days, then pour out the syrup again, reboiling it with rather more sugar, then again fill up the jars. If the plums do not seem tender enough to eat after this, reboil the syrup a third time, always adding it to the fruit while at boiling point. Keep closely covered for two months before using.

A delicious jelly for table use can be made from grapes by crushing them to extract the juice, then weighing this and allowing its equal weight of sugar, bringing the juice to boiling point first, after which put the sugar in and boil gently together. Pour into small glasses.

The juice of all ripe fruits when required for jelly is best and most full-flavored if obtained by crushing the fruit, rather than by cooking it and straining afterwards. This would apply to ripe gooseberries and blackberries, as well as to the fruits before mentioned. Fine, well-flavored jellies are always well worth making, and will repay whatever they cost, for they always command a good price. A combination of several fruits together will produce an excellent jelly. It is most important in the making of all jellies to take the fruit at its perfect pitch of ripeness—that is, when quite mature, but before it begins to decay, for overripeness is a kind of decay. At this point it not only contains its largest amount of sugar, but it has a gelatinous substance that gives firmness to the jelly, and without which none will set properly. When overripe this has turned watery.

To insure success in the preserving of fruits in syrup it is requisite to have only the most perfect fruits, fully but not overripe, air-tight glass bottles, the best of sugar and what we may call "chemical" cleanliness. The bottles themselves should stand in hot water in order that they may be filled with the contents while at boiling point. The fruit is dropped into boiling syrup and cooked till tender, but not so much as to break it, and the stoppers must be put on before the heat has evaporated. Practice and experience alone will teach successful preserving of this kind.

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DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 17.)

Fig. 523.—Dress of dark-blue cloth. Waist with blouse effect. Tucked vest. Extension pieces on fronts, collar, belt and cuffs of castor cloth. Skirt with inverted plaits. Pattern, dress, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 524.—Frock of plaid suiting, the waist trimmed with a bertha of plain material, ornamented with braid. The skirt is laid in box-plaits. Sash of Louisine silk. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 525.—Frock of biscuit cloth. Yoke trimmed with dark-blue velvet ribbon. Turn-down collar and suffs of velvet. Lengthwise straps of velvet run from yoke to skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 526.—Frock of scarlet serge. Blouse waist with overlapping front. Yoke and collar of tucked white China silk. Revers white, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Skirt trimmed with ribbon. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 527.—Frock of dark-gray suiting. Blouse waist; large collar, edged with scarlet and trimmed with dark-gray velvet and soutache. Skirt trimmed with a band of scarlet and soutache. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

SERVICEABLE SCHOOL FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 528.—Frock of blue serge. Vest of tucked taffeta of contrasting color. Velvet straps, with colored silk embroidery. Bishop sleeves. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 529.—Frock of brown cloth. Yoke of biscuit cloth, trimmed with braid. Bertha of brown velvet. Lower part of sleeves of taffeta. Skirt edged with band of biscuit cloth and trimmed with braid and brown velvet. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 530.—Frock of grayish-green Henrietta. Blouse waist trimmed in yoke effect with narrow passementerie. Bands of dark-green velvet and narrow ecru lace trim blouse and skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 531.—Frock of check suiting. Blouse waist trimmed with bretelle collar, edged with narrow ruffle and lace. Bishop sleeve. Skirt with three tucks and gathered ruffle. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

AFTERNOON DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 532.—Dress of taffeta or Henrietta cloth. Waist and skirt arranged in box plaits. Yoke of tucked Liberty silk. Lace collar. Sash of Liberty silk. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 533.—Dress of veiling. Blouse of plaid taffeta. Small bolero, tucked in clusters at the shoulders. Sleeves tucked at the top and completed with deep cuffs. Skirt box-plaited. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 534.—Dress of Henrietta cloth. Short bolero, slashed at bottom, edges joined with cord and buttons. Large collar of white taffeta, threaded with Liberty silk, tied in a bow. Skirt with inverted box-plaits at bottom. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 535.—Frock of fancy suiting. Bolero trimmed with tabs of plain material, held down with buttons. Sleeves with puffs of contrasting material at elbows. Tab garniture around bottom of skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

THE TUG OF WAR.

(Continued from page 9.)

"The pearls, of course. I told Cis I thought it is sweet of him to bring them to show you—as though I were really your daughter, don't you know. And if you will fasten them round my neck yourself, I shall think it sweet of you. Where have you hidden them? Why, I believe you are wearing them now—to keep them warm for me—under your lace cravat, you dear darling!"

The affectionate daughter-elect raised a guileless hand and twitched the jewels into sight.

Mrs. Osborne, ashy pale, and with Medea-like eyes, unfastened the jewels from her throat.

"Here they are, dear Mary. Take them—and may they bring you all the happiness I wish you!" said Mrs. Osborne, in cooing accents.

Polly could not restrain a little shudder, but she was grave.

"Now, Cis and I will go," she said, when the pearls were fastened round her neck over the neat white collar. "I am sure you and Dad want to be alone. Come, Cis, dear."

And she kissed Mrs. Osborne again, and bore Cis—not unwilling, strangely fascinated by the new Polly so suddenly made manifest—away. They were riding slowly home to dinner at Fairview, when the sound of wheels rattling behind them, and Fanchon's well-known trot, brought a covert smile to Polly's lips.

Mrs. Osborne had a headache, Mr. Drew explained, and so he had decided not to remain to dinner.

But father, daughter and betrothed dined pleasantly at home. And when the dazzled Cis said good-night to the triumphant Polly, the valediction was uttered unwillingly, with as many repetitions as there were pearls in the string Miss Drew wore round her firm white throat.

"You were a little premature in your conclusions, my girl, at 'The Oaks' to-day. I won't ask why you played that little comedy, because I know. . . . But you played it well . . . and I don't think Cis will kick over the traces in that direction again. Nor do I think"—the Colonel cleared his throat rather awkwardly—"that you are going to have Mrs. Osborne for your second mother. She is too clever—and so are you! Good night, my dear!"

* * *

VICTORIOUS.

(Continued from page 28.)

was but a habit remaining from his bachelor days, faded completely as he looked into his wife's eyes and realized that his passion for the friend of his unmarried days was entirely spent. He trembled at the thought that his indolence and yielding nature might have cost him his wife's love and confidence. His whole heart, his future, his entire love was her's, his wife's, who sat silent beside him. She had again won him, and this time the shadow of no other woman would come between them.

When they reached home he got the letters and showed them to his wife. They were still unopened.

She looked up at him in surprise, her heart beating with joy. The letters not read! He was not interested in anything she wrote! Before she had time to say a word he had torn the letters into little bits and dropped them into the waste-basket. Then he went to his wife, put his arms around her and turned up her face until he could look directly into her eyes, a sincere appeal in his own. She understood his mute apology and her whole heart went out to him with a deep, forgiving love. She placed her arms around his neck, drew his head down to her and kissed him warmly, tenderly.

"Once"—she began softly.

"And never again," he concluded quickly.

A low happy laugh escaped her lips. She was satisfied and knew he would keep his promise.

* * *

APHORISMS.

A man's love can be beckoned, but not commanded; a woman's love can be commanded, but not beckoned.

* * *

It's a great advantage to be a pretty woman, because the wind never blows her skirts around her as much as it does a homely woman's.

* * *

The way a woman talks about "breaking" her heart, you would think it was made out of old china.

* * *

No man should ever make excuses to a woman who loves him. Let him say he is sorry and loves her, and she will make the excuses, and accept them too.

* * *

Women possess the art of saying everything without saying anything.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to the unprecedented success and enthusiasm that Pictorial Review has met with in Advertising, Home and Fashion circles, the Publishers have decided to add EIGHT PAGES, commencing with the October number. With the current number the date of issue is changed from the 15th to the 1st of the month. The October number will be published on the 1st of September, one month in advance of date.

Owing to the change of date of publication from the 15th to the 1st of each month it has been impossible to issue the August number, and all subscriptions will on this account be extended one month.

BORADA EMBROIDERY.

BORADA embroidery covers work done chiefly in outline upon various kinds of materials. It has its advantages, inasmuch as you can use all manner of stitches for filling in the outline, as well as varying that very much in the way you do it, and if you do not care to spend much time in working, you need not fill in the spaces at all.

Pillow-shams, table-centers, and all kinds of sachets can be worked in this style. The silks can be washing silks, which are always the best to employ in working any article which is apt to soil and need cleaning.

The corner of bedspread is done in a way that I have not seen to any great extent; it can be done in coarse or fine cotton or silk, and is adapted to many styles of embroidery.

The outline stitch will be explained later, and the other stitches used are only French knots,

DESIGN FOR BED-SPREAD.

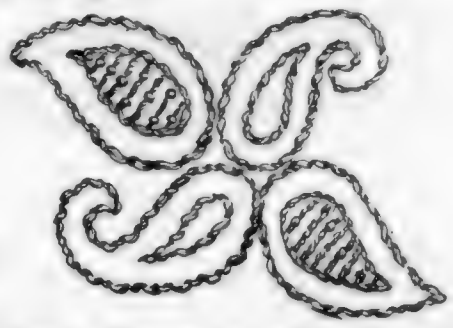
and an occasional back stitch. Griffins of this description are very much the fashion just now, and as the corners of the bedspread are worked in this way, you should get a corresponding design for the middle of the bedspread. This is done simply in red cotton, and the material is whity-brown linen.

The design for a book cover is done on old gold colored Roman satin, and the silks used are several shades of heliotrope filoselle. The general outline of the leaves, etc., is done by couching down the filoselle, which numbers usually about a dozen threads in one strand. To couch this down you should thread the filoselle into a large-eyed tapestry needle, and push through from the right to the wrong side of the material. Then withdraw the needle, and, leaving about an eighth of an inch of filoselle on the

DESIGN FOR BOOK COVER.

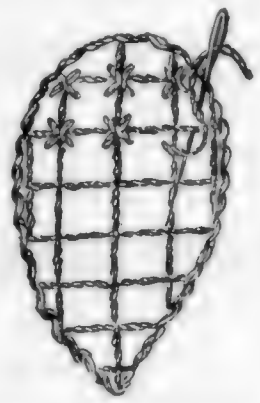
wrong side, make that secure with a few strong stitches. Next sew down the filoselle with a single or double thread of silk, only choosing always a lighter or darker shade, so that a contrast may be formed. Make your stitches about a quarter, or less, of an inch apart, and be sure that the intervals are regular, as if carelessly done the effect of the work is spoilt.

Trellis stitch is used in some of the leaves and Mexican stitch in others. The two small lowest leaves of all are filled in, the one with a single snail-trail stitch and the other with French knots, done in all the shades of heliotrope, shading up from the lower border of the leaf, which is dark, to the upper light one. A stitch like double herring-bone is used in one leaf, and this is done first by working bars across the leaf in dark silk, and then crossing them with bars of the light.



No. 1.

The heavy flowers are worked in Arabian stitch, which is done by covering the space with satin stitch and then crossing it with lines of a contrasting shade, and keeping these down with short back stitches, placed at regular intervals, the next rows always having these stitches intermediate with those above and below. A single loop stitch, headed with a French knot, is placed at intervals down the large middle leaf.



No. 2.

Fig. 1 is done in thick cotton cord, couched down in the same way as you do the filoselle. This cotton cord—for though really D. M. C. embroidery cotton, it is as thick as piping cord—can be had in many colors, and washes very well. This design is done in Rouge Turc, and couched down with ochre-colored embroidery cotton.

No. 3.

No. 4.

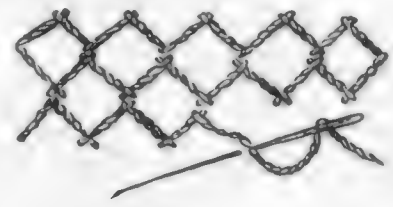
The fancy stitches used here to fill up the spaces are tête-de-bœuf, loop stitch, and point sablé. The balls are done in satin stitch.

Fig. 2 is done in the same stitch as is used in the Griffin, only here the running is in red, and the cotton woven into it is blue. The red bars across some of the spaces are fastened down with blue.

In Fig. 3 you see coral stitch. A close examination of the illustration is the best way of learning to do it. Keep your cotton under your needle, and let the intervals between the coral branches be always the same size.

Fig. 4 shows the way in which the couching is done. Be sure not to let the cord or filoselle lie loosely on the material, and when you have done several couching stitches you can give the cord a tight pull.

In Fig. 5 you see how space can be filled up with herring-bone stitch, done with one row after another, and with very little material taken up, as will be seen by the way the needle is placed.



No. 5.

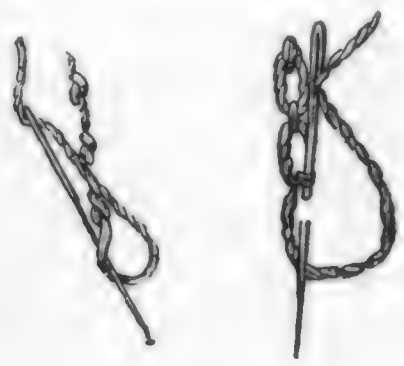
Fig. 6 is brick stitching, which can be done in rows. Make the stitches always intermediate with those above and below.

Fig. 7 is snail-trail stitch.

Fig. 8 is the cable stitch, rather peculiar and difficult to explain, but quite simple when understood. Bring up the cotton on the right side of the material, hold the cotton down with the thumb of the left hand, pass the needle from

No. 6.

right to left under the cotton so held down, and draw it up till the cotton held with the thumb is brought to a small loop, then, keeping the thumb in the same position, insert the point of the needle in the material below the cotton, and just underneath where you before brought it out bring the point of the needle up in a straight line, a quarter of an inch below, but not to pass



No. 7. No. 8.

through the loop of cotton that still is held with the thumb; release the thumb and draw the loop of cotton closely round the top of the needle, pass the cotton from right to left under the point of the needle and draw the needle at once through the little circular loop at the top of the needle and through the present loop.

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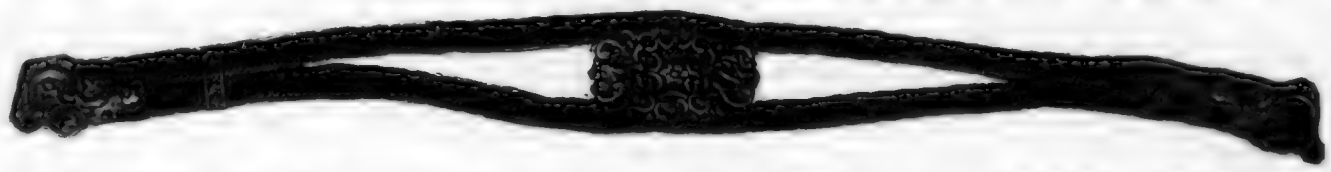

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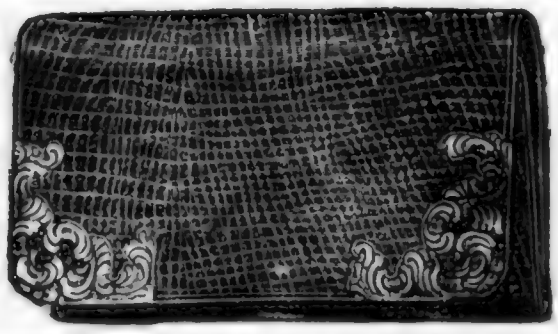

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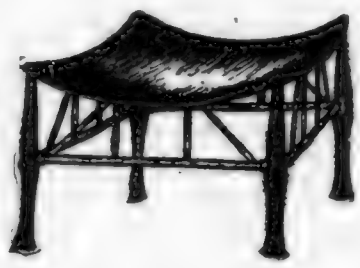

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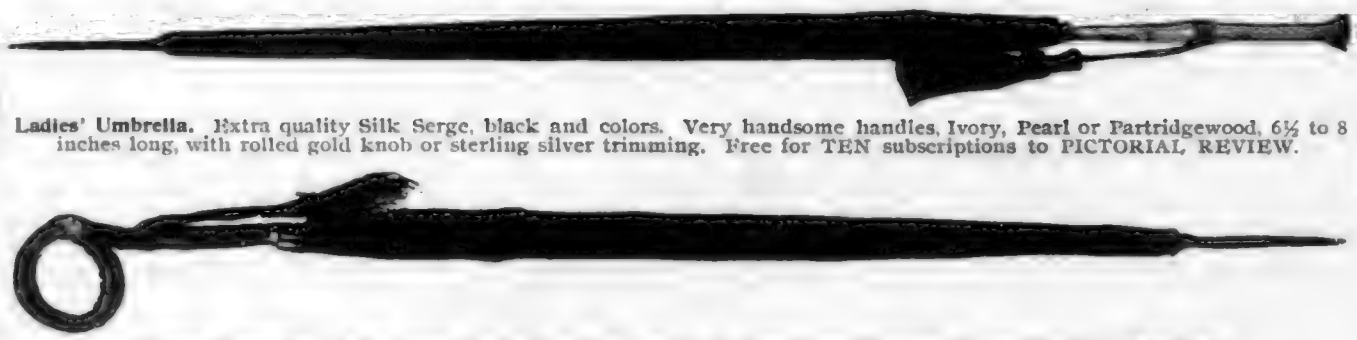

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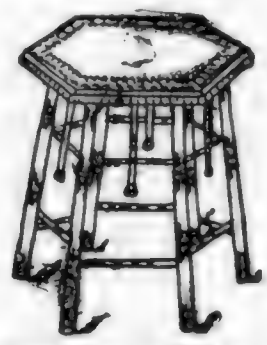

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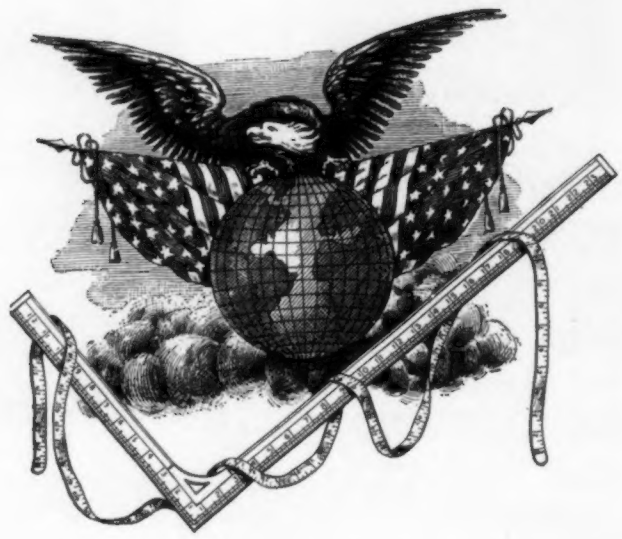

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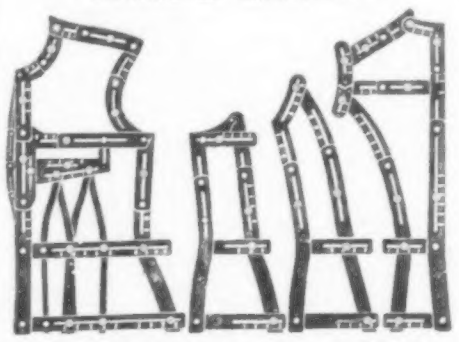

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